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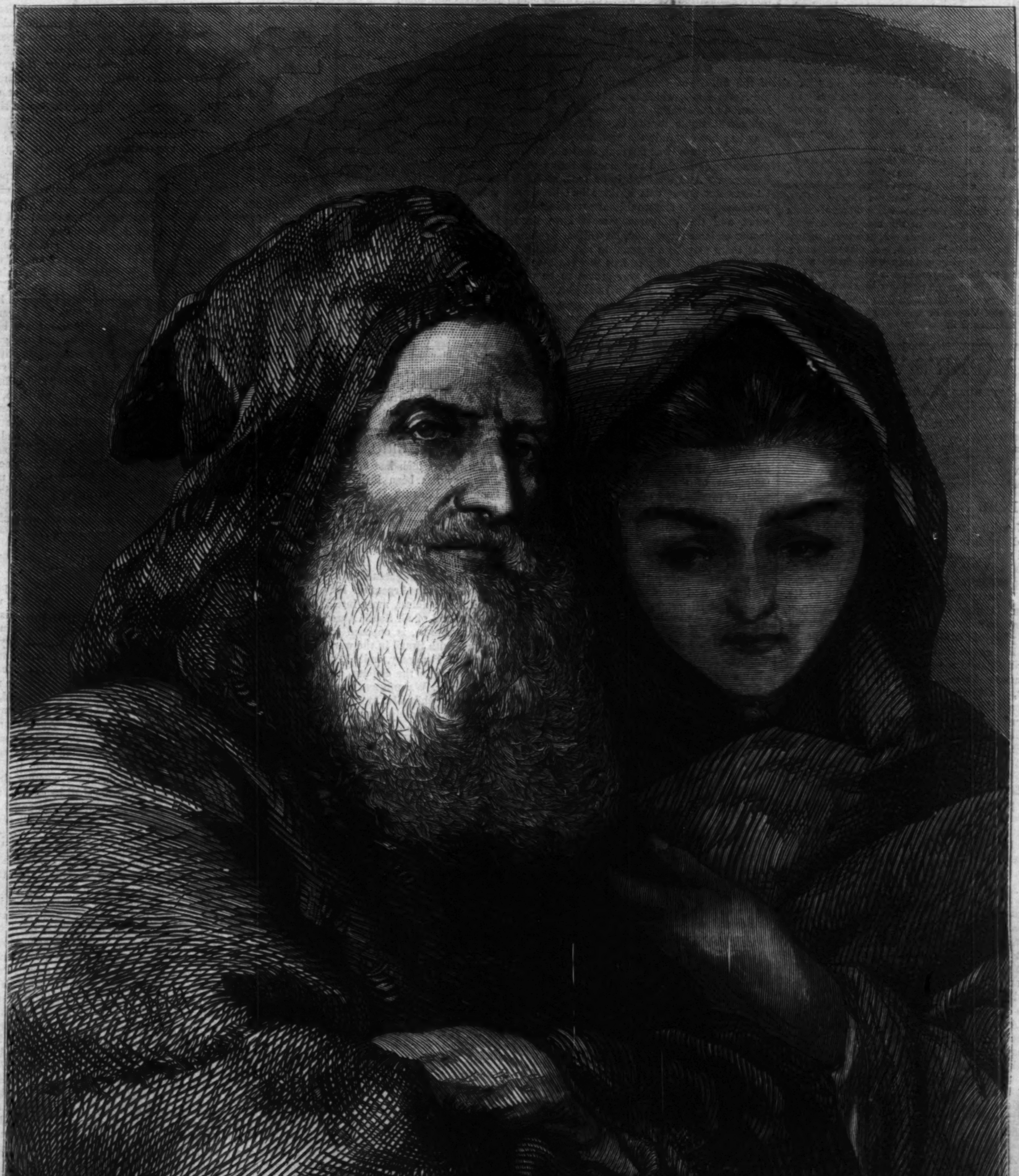


A FATHER'S ADVICE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

The illustration on our first page represents an ideal page from the chronicler of Venetian intrigue and conspiracy. The monk—or he who pretends to be a monk—is doubtless a spy from the dreaded Council of Ten. The lady is perhaps some fair offshoot of one of the great families of the Grimanis, or Dandolos, or Foscaris; and has it in her power to betray some great state secret that concerns her lover or husband. The mysterious council in the Doge's Palace, but two nights since, whispered her name; and last night it was echoed by a miserable wretch in the loneliest cell of the lowest Pozzi. Some Carmagnuola has arisen; some great leader of Condottieri has flaunted the banner blazoned with the winged lion of St. Mark in the face of the Milanese, or has humbled the Doria. There is danger now lest he plot some treason against the Senate, and it is of this the Father Confessor is trying to obtain tidings from the lady whom the Carmagnuola loves; or the Doge himself is planning evil to the State, and is promised help from the Visconti or the Sforza, and this wily messenger has been torturing the tender soul of this young daughter of the Mocenigo, whom the Doge's son is so shortly to wed, and has already obtained what he needs—a clew to the conspirators' labyrinth. Half an hour hence a postern door of the Doge's Palace will open, and a man in a mask will leap into the sable gondola, black and silent as a hearse, that waits there in the side canal in the dark shadow thrown by the Bridge of Sighs, and will glide off swift to the lonely island of the Lido, where other conspirators are waiting on the shore. The plans will be laid, the train placed ready for the match, there will be gloomy exultation at the way the Ten have been baffled and their spies thrown off the track. Then, in the darkness, the cluster of gondolas will scatter, each on its own silent path—but be sure, just as the mask from the Doge's Palace comes in sight of the great white dome of Santa Maria, looming large in the moonrise, a black hand will close upon his mouth, and two poniards clash together in his breast. A moment more, and the whispering gondoliers will fasten a roll of lead to the body, and let it gurgle down into the tide. Before the next day breaks a band of masked men will be driven into the Doge's dungeons, and Venice be saved from the conspiracy that threatened it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 29, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* Harper's Weekly *will be furnished with the paper from the commencement of* Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," *in the Number for November* 20, 1869, *at the yearly subscription price of* $4 00.

LORD CLARENDON'S REPLY.

In writing to Mr. Thornton of Mr. Fish's dispatch to Mr. Motley, Lord Clarendon said that it admitted of a perfect reply, which it is to be presumed is contained in his Lordship's temperate letter of the 6th of November, which Mr. Thornton was to read informally to Mr. Fish. But the statement of Lord Clarendon, courteous as it is, is also in many points a special plea. It is the work of an adroit advocate; but it is not so frank as the situation demands. Lord Clarendon considers the three chief points in the case as presented by Mr. Fish: first, the Queen's proclamation of neutrality; second, the dispatch of the Confederate cruisers from English ports; and third, the supplies furnished by British subjects to the rebels.

Stating the facts under the first head, Lord Clarendon says that the President's proclamation of blockade of the 19th of April was known in London on the 2d of May, and published in the papers of the 3d. An official copy was received from the Consul in New York on the 5th, another from Lord Lyons on the 10th. On the 11th it was officially communicated to Lord Russell by Mr. Dallas, with a circular from Mr. Seward, stating that attempts would probably be made to fit out privateers in England. On the 13th, two days after the official communication, the proclamation was issued, and Lord Clarendon denies that it was intended to be unfriendly. This statement is true; but it is not the whole truth. Lord Clarendon does not mention that on the 6th of May Earl Russell said in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had come to the conclusion that "the Southern Confederacy of America, according to those principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." What Mr. Fish complains of is "undue haste," and the British Government, by Lord Clarendon's own statement, resolved upon a concession of belligerent rights four days before the official knowledge of the fact by which the concession is now justified. May that not be fairly considered "undue haste?"

Again, in reply to the charge that the assumed belligerency was a fiction, Lord Clarendon recapitulates the facts of the situation. But here he includes many circumstances which could not have been known to the British Government at the time. Thus, the President's summons for more troops of the 3d of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; the various captures of vessels at sea, some of which, as Lord Clarendon mentions, were as late as the 15th of May, were certainly not known in time to justify a decision of the Government upon the 6th. Was not this, he asks, civil war? Perhaps it was—but the British Government did not know it at the time. He says that on the 4th of May Mr. Seward had characterized the situation as "open, flagrant, deadly war." That may be, and every American may have felt that war was unavoidable. But on the 6th of May the British Government officially knew only that Sumter had been assaulted. Recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon actual events, not upon probabilities and anticipations. Mr. Fish does not deny, he expressly asserts, the right of every government to decide for itself when to make such a recognition. But he justly says that it may be made with a precipitancy which reveals an unfriendly feeling. Does not Lord Clarendon's own statement, both in what it says and what it omits to say, show the precipitancy of the English official action, which John Bright so strenuously denounced?

In reply to the assertion that the proclamation legitimatized vessels which otherwise would have been pirates, Lord Clarendon says that by Mr. Fish's own admission belligerency is "an existing fact;" and he adds that it exists independently of any official proclamation by neutrals. He therefore holds that the reception of the *Sumter* at Curaçoa, in July, 1861, by the Netherlands, which had not issued a proclamation of neutrality, first practically accorded belligerent rights to the Confederacy. That may be; but certainly the action of the Dutch colony, after war was flagrant, does not affect the action of England two months before that flagrancy. And although it be true, as Lord Clarendon urges, that if there had been no proclamation the fact would have remained the same, and the belligerency must have been sooner or later recognized, he will hardly deny that there may be a premature recognition of belligerency, and that it does not cease to be premature because the war proves to be very long and bloody. So when Lord Clarendon appeals to the speech of Mr. Forster, one of our most constant friends, to show that recognition was pressed upon the British Government by the friends of the Northern States, who feared lest privateers should be fitted out in British ports, of course his Lordship does not forget that the duty of the British Government to detain such privateers was just as stringent if no such proclamation had issued—a fact which he admits when he says that the proclamation made the privateers "additionally unlawful."

Lord Clarendon's letter is, as we have said, adroit, but not quite fair. As the strongest statement of the British position upon the point of precipitancy of recognition, not of the right—which the United States do not question—it shows conclusively that no satisfactory explanation can be made. The proclamation was resolved upon on the 6th of May, when nothing was officially known but the action at Sumter. The justification by the blockade is, as Mr. Bemis showed conclusively when it was first urged by "Historicus," an after-thought. Nor is any thing to be gained by further discussion of the point; for we do not ask damages for what we consider an unfriendly exercise of an undoubted discretion. Yet we are more convinced than ever, that the manly and honorable policy of this Government is to state frankly its wishes, and the terms upon which it is willing to settle the question. The general feeling in both countries is favorable to plain dealing, and impatient of further diplomatic skirmishing.

CAN NEW YORK WITHDRAW ITS ASSENT?

In presenting to the Senate the resolution by which the Legislature of New York withdraws its assent to the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator Conkling said that he should hereafter show why such an act should not be considered valid. We look with interest for his remarks; but meanwhile the question must be considered unsettled. The ground taken by those who refuse the right of withdrawal is, that Congress authorizes a State to perform a certain act, either by a convention or by its Legislature, and that when it is done the act is accomplished and the authority expires. But the plain difficulty with this view is that it is, for those who urge it, a two-edged sword. If it is true of acceptance, it is equally true of rejection. And if New York can not withdraw its assent, neither can Ohio withdraw its refusal.

To this it is replied, that the proposition of an amendment is of the nature of the offer of a contract, and that, until the conditions of ratification are complete, it is competent for any party to the contract to accede to its terms. But the change of form does not change the essential difficulty. If, before ratification, any party may come in, so he may go out. Besides, the proposition is not properly a contract; it is a political measure; and before it is adopted any member of the council of States may express an opinion, friendly or adverse, as every member of the Senate or House may vote aye or no, at his discretion, upon every aspect of every motion, until it is settled. Upon a political measure the opinion of States may be supposed to differ at various times. Indeed, it is easily supposable that the proposition of an amendment by the dominant party in Congress may disclose a tendency or policy which is so seriously disapproved as to change the political majority in a State. If that fact appears before the amendment is adopted, and if the assent of the State had been expressed before the popular will upon the subject was known, is it not peculiarly agreeable to the nature of our government that the assent should be withdrawn?

The moment, however, that the necessary number of States ratify an amendment, the discretion of all the States ends; and certainly it does not follow, because a State may withdraw its assent to an amendment which is not yet a part of the Constitution, that it may equally withdraw it from one that is. That, of course, is merely to affirm the right of secession. The reasonable and simple view of the subject seems to be that the States, like individuals, may have the advantage of the utmost consideration and discussion of the question presented; that if powerful and unexpected reasons present themselves for a change of opinion, while the question is still open, the State shall not be bound by an expression which maturer reflection would recall. It is true that the Constitution does not provide for withdrawing an assent once given. But the Constitution merely ordains that, "when ratified" by the Legislatures or Conventions of the necessary number of States, an amendment shall be valid. Obviously it is not ratified by those bodies until three-fourths of them simultaneously agree; and the Constitution declines to be more precise, because it wishes to leave to every State the utmost liberty of deliberation and action.

As we have already said, the action of the Democratic party in New York in withdrawing assent to the Fifteenth Amendment is only another signal evidence of its hostility to equal rights, and another proof of its incapacity to rise to any really wise and patriotic policy. For many years in this country every truly noble and sagacious measure was opposed by the party that was devoted at every cost to the extension and perpetuity of slavery. And now that slavery is gone, that party shows how utterly unchanged it is in spirit by this futile effort to prolong as long as possible the despicable prejudice which slavery fostered, and to rob of an equal opportunity the most unfortunate class of Americans.

AN AMERICAN DESPOT.

The war which has been so long waged in Paraguay has been little understood in this country. Because Brazil is an empire and Paraguay is called a republic the passive sympathy of the people of the United States has probably been with Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay. It should, however, have been a most instructive fact for us that the most truly republican and enlightened of the South American states, the Argentine Republic, at whose head is the ablest, most intelligent, and most truly liberal of all South American statesmen, M. Sarmiento, is opposed to Paraguay, and leagued with Brazil in the war. Our late Ministers in Paraguay, indeed, have had strong sympathies in the dispute, and upon different sides. Mr. Washburne's view is unfriendly to Lopez, while Mr. M'Mahon is his defender. We purposely make the distinction between Paraguay and Lopez which is made by the treaty of alliance of May 1, 1865; the distinction which Americans will always justly make between a despot and the people whom he controls—a distinction which could not be fairly made in this country, where the President is the free choice of the people.

A few facts in the history of the country will be useful in forming an opinion of the present situation. About the year 1817 Dr. Francia became perpetual Dictator of Paraguay. During the contest of the South American colonies with Spain he held aloof. He declined all intercourse with other states, and imprisoned all foreigners who came to the country. No commercial export or import was allowed but by his permission, and it was a capital crime to leave the country without his consent. The opponents of his rule were shot or imprisoned. Such was the ferocity and ingenuity of the tortures that he inflicted upon them that he might be supposed to have been crazy, and, undoubtedly, at the end of his long life he was in continual fear of assassination. When he died, in 1840, Francia's nephew, Carlos A. Lopez, and a companion, of whom he soon disembarrassed himself, took possession of the Government.

Lopez wrote a Constitution for Paraguay, which prescribed ten years as the Presidential term, with re-election by the Congress. The seventh article of the Constitution declares the authority of the President unlimited, not only during civil or foreign war, but whenever he deems it necessary to preserve order. Despite his Constitution, Lopez made himself perpetual Dictator in 1844. This was done with what is called the consent of the Congress—a body which sits for a few days once in five years, and which merely ratifies the various acts of the Dictator. In 1856 this Congress gave the Dictator—of course by his instigation—the power to name his successor by secret will. Nor has the Congress ever refused to ratify any proposition of the Dictator. In September, 1862, Carlos A. Lopez died, and left Paraguay, like a private property, to his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, and the Congress unanimously approved. The present Dictator has been a worthy follower of his predecessors.

"Paraguay," says M. Sarmiento, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the Lopez family." Such a lord naturally chafed under the fact that he could not reach the outer world without crossing the Argentine territory, and he has been engaged for a long time in formidable preparations—building fortresses, accumulating material, and inviting experienced European officers to instruct his soldiers. At length he took advantage of a quarrel between Uruguay and Brazil, declaring that Paraguay interfered to serve its own interests only, and with an immense army invaded and ravaged the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Meanwhile the Argentine Republic was neutral, and refused to allow Brazil to march across her territories. But when the same demand was refused to Lopez he instantly seized Argentine ships and murdered their crews. Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, the powers upon the Plate River, then allied themselves against Paraguay, and resolved to fight until they had overthrown Lopez, but bound themselves to respect the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Paraguay; and they will unquestionably succeed in expelling Lopez.

This is the President and this the republic of Paraguay to which the sympathies of the United States are solicited. And so successfully solicited, that one of the ablest and most intelligent papers in the country said, two years ago, that "the success of this godless alliance means extension of slavery and tyranny;" while "on the other side contends the little realm of Paraguay, whose success means freedom." But if Brazil is a slaveholding state, slavery in Paraguay is equally bitter; while the Argentine Republic abolished slavery fifty years before the United States. To apprehend the grasping ambition of Brazil upon the Plate River is unnecessary while the Argentines are struggling with the grasp of a nearer and infinitely more appalling ambition. Sarmiento, who looks at the subject with a truly American and liberty-loving heart, as well as with the most thoroughly informed and sagacious mind, declares that "the triumph of Lopez means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarani Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, pope, supreme judge, and lord of life and property—imposing upon all those countries that obedience unparalleled in the history of the human race."

WHAT IS MONEY?

The indications are numerous of the prevalence of very erroneous if not dangerous views on the subject of this medium, which is one that affects all the relations between man and man more nearly and powerfully than any other known agent or instrument of commerce. It enters into all transactions of every description, and in the proportion in which the views with respect to it are sound or unsound, success in the long-run, whether it be in trade or in statesmanship, depends. At the present moment the prosperity of the United States is suspended upon official action at Washington. We have reached the point where the roads fork, and the question arises whether the one toward specie payments shall be chosen, which leads to low prices for all produce and labor—to ultimate ability to compete in all markets with the industry of others—to mercantile and national solidity, integrity, and safety; or whether we shall take the other, which leads to high prices, then to speculation, then to failures, dishonesty, and ruin.

The present financial demoralization is due in great part to the failure, when the war ended, to set the country resolutely in the direction of specie payments. Inasmuch as the precious metals are not coined in sufficient abundance to answer all the necessities of commerce, and permit also their use in the conduct of a great war, it will be found impossible to meet the disbursements of wars of magnitude without using paper-money, especially if the latter had been extensively used in peace. But whether necessary or not we resorted to it, and on a scale which exceeded all prudence. We first issued legal tenders in sufficient quantities, and then allowed the issues of national banks and the fractional currency. All gold and silver, excepting on the Pacific, were expelled from circulation; and prices, no longer fixed by labor, but adjusted by the quantity of printed money, rose to such a height that many were in doubt whether the fate of old Continental money and of the assignats would not be reached. Happily the success of our arms saved the credit of the government; but as the measure was for war and not for peace, and was carried to excess to float the $900,000,000 loan, it was a national duty to consider the policy as exceptional, and to be abandoned as speedily as practicable. But, as many feared who urged the original adoption of legal tenders, there are many who insist that it is a policy which not only shall not be abandoned, but shall become permanent.

The Democratic Convention for the State of Indiana, which assembled at Indianapolis on the 8th of January, 1870, resolved that "the business interests of the country demand an *increased* and maintained volume of the currency," and that our Five-Twenties be paid off in this medium. Our friends of the New York *Mercantile Journal* send us the following, which they expect to be noticed, and it will be convenient to take both matters together:

> "In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of National Paper-Money with Government Bonds, bearing a *fixed* rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of Finance and Commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by *its governor*.
>
> "Such Paper-Money Tokens would be perfect measures of value, which gold and silver never have been. The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age.
>
> "Wallace P. Groom."

If the old hero whose remains repose in Tennessee, and whose *birthday* was chosen for the assemblage of the Convention, could have been restored to life and had appeared at its sittings, his clenched fist would certainly have been shaken at the 1123 delegates who desecrated that birthday with the assertion of doctrines with respect to money the reverse of those which, in a long continued contest, he firmly maintained.

The Convention put forth their dogmas in the interests of *labor*, and yet they propose to "*increase and maintain*" a currency which labor does not create, and which dispenses with the money which labor does create. The principal object of money is to secure a medium in which the value of products may be measured, and with which they may be transferred; and throughout the world one or the other, or both, of what we denominate the precious metals are used for this purpose. They pass for about the value of the labor required to obtain and coin them, and for an equivalent amount of useful labor in other productions; and when we consider that, as a general rule, all productions which have exchangeable value depend for the amount of it on the quantity of labor more or less skillful which they contain, it will be seen that the most reliable test of value which human wisdom can devise is thus furnished to mankind. The coin known as a dollar was fabricated partly because the metal it contained came near to the value of a day's labor in prosperous communities. It constitutes the basis of our coinage and monetary system. In its subdivisions and its multiplied form the relation of quantity and weight of metal are carefully observed, except when some special object occasions some slight variation. In the conceptions of the framers of our laws, a *dollar* had no other signification than that of a piece of metal containing a certain weight and fineness, coined and stamped to indicate these qualities. It was formed in obedience to the unerring law laid down by Galiani, that "man—that is to say, his labor —is the only true measure of value." These metals, by reason of various qualities they possess, too well known to be enumerated, and because they are found in the earth in quantities which permit neither of redundancy nor of insufficiency, have been chosen for the purpose of money, and they answer the object with all the certainty of which the subject is capable. Instead of being a relic of barbarism, experience through past ages has demonstrated, as it will through future ages, that their use is indispensable to the world.

The theory on which the Convention of Indiana proceeded is the erroneous one that a promise to pay the dollar means something else than the dollar of gold and silver described in acts of Congress, and they would substitute the *promise* in the place of the true dollar as the permanent currency of the United States. If ever this policy shall be adopted all certainty with respect to the measure of value will be at an end, and the repudiation of our public debt and of all debts must necessarily follow. The creation of money, instead of being committed to labor, will be handed over to speculators, who can strike off enough in an hour with the printing-press to secure possession of the entire productions of the State of Indiana, and compel submission to their exactions. We ask the *Mercantile Journal* to consider what would be the value of its "paper-money tokens" if the Treasury of the United States were in the hands of that portion of the Democracy which governs the city of New York, in the expectation that through frauds in naturalization and by the use of repeaters they will be elevated presently to the control of the National Government.

No possible harm can result from the system which encourages *labor* to produce by its sweat and toil the money of commerce. Such money will never be found in excess of the wants of the world, because it would be unprofitable. The issue of paper-money in excess of those wants invariably attends the opposite system, and discourages labor in the mines, with this result, that promises to pay *dollars* become abundant, and the means of performance are impaired in the same ratio. Modern history is full of examples of this folly. They teach the lesson that a currency not immediately and certainly convertible into the precious metals is one of the greatest curses with which the industry of mankind can be afflicted. If we firmly take the road to specie payments, justice, prosperity, integrity, safety, and honor will result to our whole country.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE CITADEL.

In a country of whose safety and prosperity free speech is the corner-stone, we must not be surprised that the most approved truths are questioned, and the most evident advantages denied. It is, however, no truer that political and religious liberty are the hope of mankind than that the spirit of implicit spiritual obedience to human authority is fatal to the progress of the race. The conflict of these two spirits is the substance of the history of civilization, and its present aspect is striking and significant. In Rome the great Council of the Romish Church is assembled solemnly and formally to declare its hostility to political and religious liberty by denouncing the means by which they are maintained. But while in Europe the most enlightened of the adherents of that Church protest against its renunciation of the vital conditions of human progress, in this country its priests are virtually unanimous in an attack upon the very corner-stone of our political liberty and safety—the Common Schools.

Who are those who claim that the State in this country shall recognize religious sects instead of knowing citizens only? They are the clergy of the Roman Church. And they do this not as citizens but as priests. They tell us what the Church commands, what Roman authority requires. The reply to them is plain and simple from the beginning. It is, that the State knows no Roman Catholics, no Presbyterians, no Quakers, no Baptists. It knows its citizens only, and it will protect the equal right of every one of them to choose what faith he will, and to worship as he chooses. Upon that rock the State plants its foot, and while it holds fast to that it will prevail against the bell of ecclesiastical fury. When it is driven from that it has no foothold whatever, and sinks in the angry waters.

Then the State says that, for its own good order, it will provide schools for all, and that those schools shall be strictly secular and not religious. No sectarian creed of any kind shall be recited in them—no mass celebrated. The State does not teach theology; it teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, because a general knowledge of those arts lessens the taxes. Meanwhile, if parents and guardians choose to have sectarian schools for their children they may have them, and they shall be protected. But the State schools are independent of every sect. At their doors the badges of ecclesiastical difference must fall off, as in the river of Wesley's vision. The children as they enter are not Trinitarian and Unitarian, Methodist and Universalist—they are American only. And whoever would hang sectarian badges upon them would deprive the word American of its most hopeful significance.

But neither Methodist, nor Episcopalian, nor Unitarian, nor Presbyterian, asks to have the State give them a share of the public money for their sectarian schools. They know the value of the system as it exists. They comprehend the peril of persuading the State to recognize sects, knowing that the end would be, what it always has been, intolerance, fury, blood, and fire. The only persons who demand this change are the Roman priests, who claim not to belong to a sect. They claim that all education ought to be what they call religious. This is the sum of their argument; and the reply is, that the State, as such, in the American idea, has no religion. Moreover it would be impossible, in a society made up of members of every denomination, to determine what is religious education; and to allow the money to be divided among the sects to determine for themselves, would be simply to devote the public money to sectarian proselytism. If the clergy of any sect should, in consequence of the freedom of the schools from their influence, refuse, so far as they could control them, to allow the children of their parishes to attend the schools, and thus, by fostering ignorance, increase crime and taxation, it would only be another glaring illustration of the fury and danger of the sectarian spirit to which it is proposed to surrender the schools. Is a spirit capable of such enormities to be carefully cultivated by the State? Does not the mere threat, which appalled Governor Seward into acquiescence in 1840, show us all the more the imperative necessity of standing by our unsectarian school system?

The question is rapidly becoming pressing in the State of New York. It is not a question of the Bible in the schools, but of the spirit which frankly confesses that it will not be satisfied with excluding the Bible; which requires a revision of the entire system, and demands that the public school money be divided among the sects. It is, in essence, a question of the stability of our whole American system. It is the question whether the world is so fascinated by the story of the countries and the ages in which Church and State were united, and the Church controlled the State, as to wish to renew it upon this soil. It is the question whether we will try to turn back the stream of civilization and progress, whose natural course is toward the utmost political and religious freedom.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITY.

Louis Napoleon has apparently safely turned an ugly corner, the dangers of which, however, will undoubtedly reappear should the Prince Pierre escape punishment for his crime. The permission for the return of Rochefort, and the wisdom of the new Ministry in allowing Ledru Rollin and other Republican exiles to come home, show that the Government intends a more liberal policy; while the remark of the new Minister-in-Chief, M. Ollivier, that the Government has been moderation and law, but that it will be power also if forced to it by the irreconcilables, shows that it means to conduct the liberal movement, and not to abandon the country to anarchy. That unquestionably must have been the result of any serious conflict now had the Government been overpowered. Henri Rochefort has a sharp and reckless pen. He is a tongue of the natural discontent of liberal France, but he is not a sagacious and controlling brain. When the revolution of 1848 took place there was an organized and intelligent party with recognized leaders which immediately assumed control of affairs. But the new régime in France has of course disturbed the opposition. Even Jules Favres evidently prefers peaceful remedies and trusts the possibility of the law. Until, therefore, it is plain that the Government proposes to shield the murderer, it would have been criminal folly in the Parisians to rise in insurrection.

There is no reason to suppose that the new experiment in France will not be fairly tried; but, as we have heretofore said, the fatal difficulty is that the people are not likely to believe it. The new régime is the grant of a man who has not taught Frenchmen to believe his word. But he is, nevertheless, shrewd enough to see that the only chance for his son's succession lies in a plain change of the system of personal government. The removal of Haussmann against the Emperor's known wish, the return of the republican exiles, and the greater freedom of the press, are signs that French liberals can appreciate of Louis Napoleon's willingness to make actual concessions. And if, in the case of the homicide by the Prince Pierre, the course of justice is allowed to have its way, as in the case of Traupmann, without evasion of any kind, France will feel more assured that a Government which is strictly just toward a prince of the reigning family is a Government that can be trusted. The event gives Louis Napoleon and M. Ollivier an immense opportunity, and the tranquillity of France for a long time may be inferred from their use of it.

NOTES.

We are glad to know that the President is friendly to the St. Thomas treaty, and it will be very pleasant to perceive that the Senate are unwilling to embarrass, by rejecting it, one of the most faithful of our allies. The present ministry in Denmark is one of the ablest that the country has had; but it considers its honor so involved in the ratification of the treaty to which it acceded at the persistent and earnest request of the United States, that it would retire should the negotiation fail. There is no part of the contemplated extension of the territory of this country which can be regarded with so much satisfaction as St. Thomas.

It is very pleasant to observe that the new University lectures, at Harvard College, which are intended to embrace a full course of study in each department, are open to women as to men; while the University of Michigan opens all its doors to women, as the St. Louis Law School has already done. Meanwhile the friends of Woman Suffrage who wish to keep the issue as clear from entangling alliances with other reforms and the endless host of individual whims and vagaries—who would pursue it with the same singleness of aim that marks the movement in England, and the Temperance and other special reforms in this country, have established a weekly paper, *The Woman's Journal*, published in Boston and Chicago, and edited by Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, and Mr. J. W. Higginson, assisted by accomplished friends of the cause. *The Woman's Journal* is a fair and attractive paper in appearance; while the variety and spirit of its articles, and the dignity, self-respect, good-humor, and earnestness of its tone, will show how profoundly mistaken are those who suppose that folly and extravagance are necessarily characteristic of the discussion of the question. The *Journal* is indispensable to those who would truly understand the character of the movement and measure its progress; and the subscription is but three dollars a year.

Ocean postage has already been reduced, and Mr. Creswell is understood to favor the abolition of the franking privilege. If this shall be done, the Post-Office Department will not be a public burden but a profit.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 10.—Both Houses reassembled after the holiday recess. In the Senate, the greater part of the day was consumed in debating the bill for the readmission of Virginia. Senator Sumner led the opposition, and Senator Stewart the party favoring prompt admission. Senator Ross introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor in any one to sell war ships to a country which is at war with another country or colony with which we are at peace. In the House, bills were introduced for the repeal of the Bankrupt acts, and to make a new apportionment of Representatives among the States. The joint resolution for the admission of Virginia was introduced, but not acted upon.

January 11.—In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Finance Committee by Senator Sherman as a substitute for all propositions relating to the national currency, providing that the 3 per cents shall be taken up, and forty-five millions of national bank circulation be issued in their place, and distributed proportionately among the States which have the smallest proportion under the existing distribution.

January 12.—In both Houses, notice was given of the action of the New York Legislature on the Fifteenth Amendment. Senator Sumner introduced a bill to fund the national debt, to extend banking privileges, and to facilitate a return to specie payments.

January 13.—In the Senate, a petition from J. Ross Browne was presented, asking for a reimbursement of $12,000, for extra expenses while the petitioner was Minister to China. A joint resolution was reported favorably from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads to aid an American steamship line to the extent of $500,000 per annum for transporting the mails. In the House, a bill was passed to prevent government officials receiving gifts from subordinates or making them to superiors.

January 14.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced for the establishment of the letter-carrier system in every city of 5000 inhabitants. In the House, the entire session was occupied with the discussion of the bill for the admission of Virginia, which resulted in the passage, by a majority of three, of Mr. Bingham's amendment, providing for the unconditional admission of the State, as a substitute. The bill, thus amended, was passed, 142 to 49. It was carried to the Senate, where, in the evening session, Senator Trumbull proposed it as a substitute for the bill before that body; but no action was taken.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

January 11.—The Standing Committees in both Houses were announced. In the Assembly a bill was introduced to provide for an additional Police Court in New York. The Railroad Committee was instructed to inquire into the rates of fare on the New York street railroads.

January 12.—In the Senate, bills were introduced to abolish the Contracting Board and the existing system of repairing the canals by contract; to repeal the New York City License law, and to light the Central Park roads with gas. In the Assembly the bill amending the Conspiracy Act was passed, the clause relating to trade and commerce being repealed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on City Affairs to report a bill "to restore their local governments and to abolish Commissions."

January 14.—In the Senate bills were introduced to punish homicide by the careless handling of fire-arms; to amend the New York and Long Island Bridge Company's charter; to regulate the storage and sale of petroleum in cities and villages; to amend the act for governing the city of New York; to amend the Banking act, and to organize the General Terms of the Supreme Court in accordance with the new Judiciary article of the amended Constitution.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Tennessee Constitutional Convention assembled at Nashville, January 10, sixty-one delegates present. John C. Brown, formerly a Confederate general, was chosen President. On the 11th the members and officers took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Amendments to the State Constitution were submitted, forbidding slavery and involuntary servitude.

The Fifteenth Amendment was ratified by the Senate of the Rhode Island Legislature January 10; by the Ohio Senate on the 14th; and by the Kansas Senate on the 13th.

The President on the 11th sent to the Senate his first veto—that of a bill for the extension of a patent for improvements in pistols.

Two blocks were burned in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the 11th, involving a loss of from $300,000 to $500,000.

General Reynolds, commanding in Texas, has communicated to the War Department the adoption of the Constitution and the election of E. J. Davis, Governor, and the rest of his ticket.

Twelve of the Spanish gun-boats reached Fortress Monroe in safety on the 12th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Corps Legislatif has demanded the arraignment of Baron Haussmann. The Emperor has included Ledru Rollin and Tibaldi in the general amnesty. A fierce quarrel recently occurred between Prince Pierre Bonaparte and Rochefort, of the *Marseillaise*, and the Prince sent a note to the editor promising him, if he called, he would find the Prince at home. On the afternoon of the 10th two gentlemen called on the Prince in the name of Pascal Grausset, one of the editors of the *Marseillaise*, with a view to a hostile meeting. An altercation occurred, and the Prince, in a rage, seized a revolver and fired twice, instantly killing one of the gentlemen, M. Victor Noir. He then gave himself up to the authorities. The Chambers have been convoked as a High Court of Justice for the trial of the Prince.

A dispatch from London states that the arrangements for the consolidation of the three ocean cable companies have been completed, and that all that is now wanting is the confirmation by the shareholders. The total receipts are to be placed in a "joint purse," and divided *pro rata*, the French Cable Company receiving thirty-six and two-thirds per cent., and the other two companies sixty-three and one-third per cent. Should any of the cables or land connections be broken, the line open will be used without regard as to which one receives the message. It is also rumored that the Anglo-American and the Atlantic Companies are to be reconstructed on the basis of a common stock.

On the 13th a proposition was introduced in the Spanish Cortes excluding forever from the throne the Bourbon family and its branches.

In a private letter received at Brussels from Rome it is stated "that the Pope is chagrined at the drift of the Œcumenical Council, and that he will dissolve that body before midsummer."

The surrender of insurgents in large numbers is reported in Havana papers. The Spanish troops in the Central Department are reported on the march.

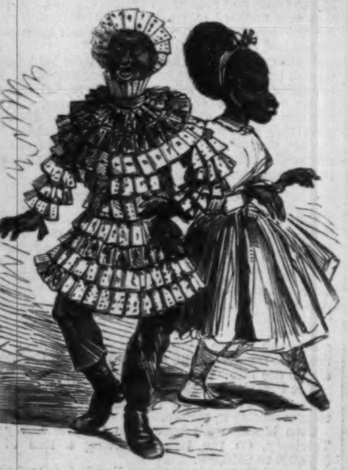
Advices from Paraguay, by the way of Rio Janeiro and Lisbon, are to the effect that the war is really at an end, and that Lopez is again a fugitive. According to this last report he did not, it is said, retire to Bolivia as was supposed, but when last heard from was wandering with a few followers about the deserts of the Brazilian provinces. Advices from Paris are contradictory, and Lopez is said to be still in Paraguay with an army of 8000 men, and the means to carry on the war, which is by no means ended.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Canada, states that the new Cabinet has decided to abolish the licenses hitherto granted to American fishermen, and to fall back on the interpretation of the treaty of 1818. It is also rumored that the tariff is to be changed so as to impose duties on articles now on the free list.

A NEGRO HOLIDAY IN HAVANA.

THE celebration of Three Holy Kings' Day by the negroes of Havana is something which gives the beholder the feeling of being transported beyond all limits of civilization, into the country of gorilla and monkeys of all descriptions. A stranger arriving in that city on the 6th of January, the day set apart for the observance of this strange festival, would be struck with horror and wonder at the sights presented to his eye. We heard once of two gentlemen, Englishmen, and possessors of all the delicate sensibilities of that nation, who were so unfortunate as to land in Havana when these festivities were at their height. On passing into the street from the door of the Custom-house they were immediately surrounded by a fantastically-dressed crowd of men and women, who, with every species of wild yells and grotesque attitudes, sought to arrest the progress of the strangers. Our English friends, far from appreciating the fun, were frightened quite out of their wits, and after many and vain endeavors to escape from their persecutors and proceed quietly to their hotel, they at last, with a desperate effort, broke through the crowd, and rushing in the direction of the dock where they had so recently landed, were seen no more.

Our mind had been prepared for all kinds of hideous apparitions; and so, when in the early morning we sauntered to the Cathedral Square, our only astonishment consisted in finding the place so quiet and peaceful. The front of the old cathedral was positively golden in the clear, tropical morning sunlight, and the many clusters of trailing vines, which winds have planted on every broken corner of rock where earth could hold, were waving gently back and forth, throwing trembling shadows on the crumbling yellow stone. There was but little life in the square. A few heavy-faced Spanish peasants were lounging about, and now and then a train of little donkeys waddled along under the immense burden of green fodder which allows only the four clumsy feet and funny little nose of the animal to be visible. Generally four or five donkeys are tied in a string, and driven ahead by a merciless Chinaman, who punches the little things with a sharp stick whenever they show an inclination to stop for breath. From a little distance they look like animated haycocks jogging through the street.



AN INTERESTING PAIR.

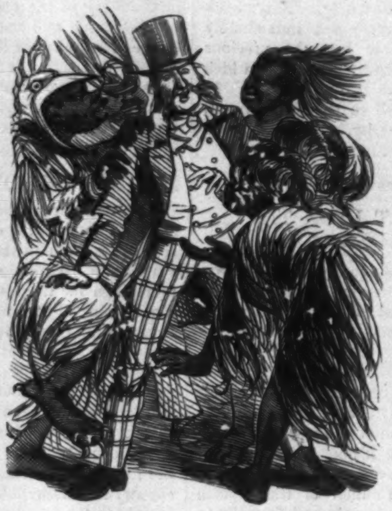
But suddenly the bell-ringer stepped under the bell in the cathedral tower, and seizing the small rope attached to the tongue, commenced ringing with all his might. Was the man deaf when he accepted the position under the big bell, or has he become so since? for deaf he must be to stand quiet and immovable, his head actually within the thing which rouses half the city with its loud vibrations. Who will deny him to be the greatest living disciple of POE? Does he not "dwell up in the steeple, all alone?" And are not

"The jangling
And the wrangling
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,"

forever ringing through his head? We always supposed POE to have written that poem within the walls of La Bella Firenza, but after sleeping—or, more fitly speaking, trying to sleep—through the Christmas and New-Year's holidays directly under the shadow of this cathedral, with its big bells and little bells, its bells for mass and bells for vespers, to say nothing of the old English clock in the left tower—which, as it only rings four times an hour, may be classed as very quiet and respectable—we have been forced to change our opinion, and now believe it was written in no spot of the earth but Havana. It is true there are no "sledges with the bells" here; but that was probably a sweet reminiscence of the writer's far-off home.

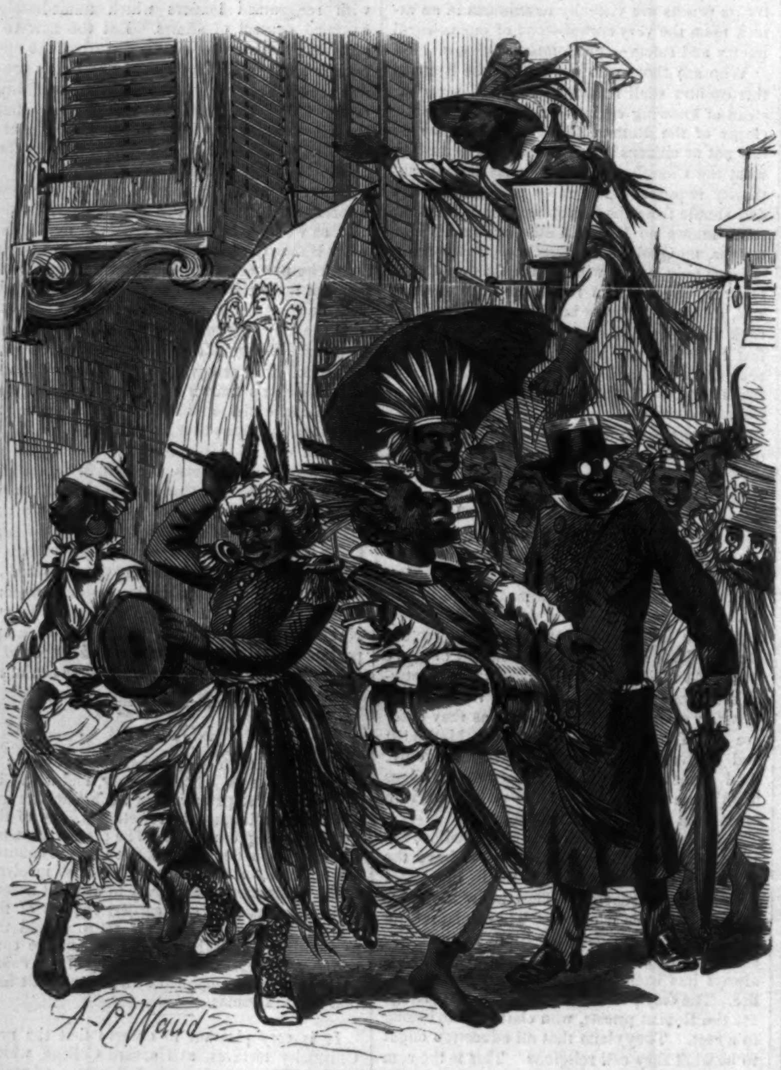
As the bells rang the morning mass was concluded, and the crowd poured out of the church, the negroes scattering rapidly in all directions to prepare for the festivities of the day, and the white portion of the congregation—which was by far the smallest—standing about the door to watch the old bishop pass out to his carriage.

But the sound of loud outcries in the distance gave notice that the day's carnival had begun; and soon a wild and singular-appearing party came round the corner into the square. Four negroes, dressed in bright green, and ornamented from head to foot with streamers of every color, were carrying between them a large model of a ship gayly decked out with ribbons. Behind followed two others, dressed in suits made of gunny-bag, fringed round the ankles. A flaming red scarf was tied over the shoulder. These fellows carried immense tin rattles, which they swung over their heads continually. In front of the most grotesque party walked a heavy black personage in very quiet citizen's clothing. This was the treasurer of the company; and while the others yelled and shouted and danced, he took his hat from his woolly head and held it toward us for money. It is useless to refuse giving.—Wherever an unfortunate mortal with a white skin is to be seen, there the negroes crowd; and no door so slightly ajar, no window so shaded, no balcony so high as to escape their sharp eye. They congregate, howling and shrieking and dancing, until something is thrown out. A very small silver coin contents them, and they continue their noisy march. And now in all directions might be heard sounds such as seldom reach the ears of any but a LIVINGSTONE or DU CHAILLU, and the square was soon filled by a motley mixture of Congo, Mandingo, and other African tribes. These tribes cling together with great tenacity, and each forms a regular society, with its chosen leader, who acts as spokesman on all important occasions.—They preserve many of their wild tastes, and indulge in many dances, chants, and curious ceremonies which were originally practiced in their native land.



THE FRIGHTENED ENGLISHMAN.

The festival costume of these creatures can scarcely be described. No two were alike, but each seemed vying with the other to produce effects the most grotesque and ridiculous. Many were dressed in gunny-bagging trimmed in every possible fashion. One was stuck all over with playing-cards, another appeared striped with all kinds of brilliant colors. Many costumes were almost picturesque, being composed of brilliant scarfs and blankets twisted about the figure in true savage fashion. A principal ornamentation was cockerel feathers. These were used as head-dresses in some instances, or placed in huge tufts upon the shoulders, wrists, and ankles. Nearly all the rioters carried mock weapons, ranging from an immense wooden sword to a club of sugar-cane.



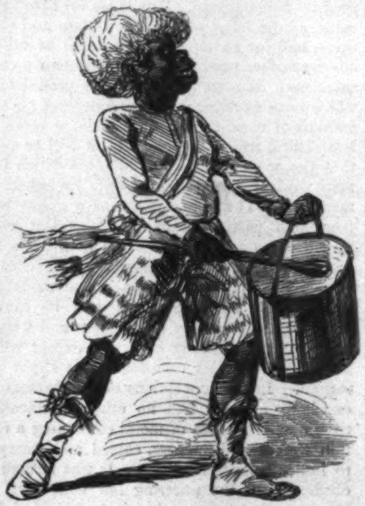
THE GRAND PROCESSION.

This crowd was divided up into parties composed of from six to twenty persons, generally half women, each party having its flag-bearer, treasurer, and head musician. The music was generally performed on an African war-drum—a curious hollow piece of wood, about three feet long, with a goat-skin stretched tightly across one end, the drum-sticks being the flat palms of the drummer. One party of Congos gathered directly under the balcony where we had taken refuge, and gathering about the drummer, who was doing his best to deafen every body in the neighborhood, they commenced a curious dance, in which every muscle of the body was brought into play. Did our teachers of gymnastics take lessons of the Congos? We strongly suspect so, for no head more civilized could have invented all the senseless twistings and squirmings that the modern school-boy is put through under their direction.

The singing of these negroes was one of the most curious parts of the performance, if such odd, monotonous shouting could be dignified by that name. The leader would strike up a sound—not a tune—and all the party would fall in at the last word of each line, repeating it over and over until they seemed to be mere echoes of themselves. The only really remarkable thing about this singing was the time, and that was maintained with so much precision that any New York orchestra leader would have boiled over with envy to hear it.

The women were attired in more civilized costumes than the men; and in many a party, where the men were dressed like savages in all sorts of gay old rag-tag, the women were quite passable in missus's cast-off finery, and their heads neatly dressed with green wreaths. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the taste with which the negro women of this city dress, unless it be the grace and perfect elegance of their carriage, as they sweep proudly through the narrow streets of the city.

The faces of some of the wildest masqueraders reminded one forcibly of various animals of BARNUM memory—ape or gorilla, who shall say?



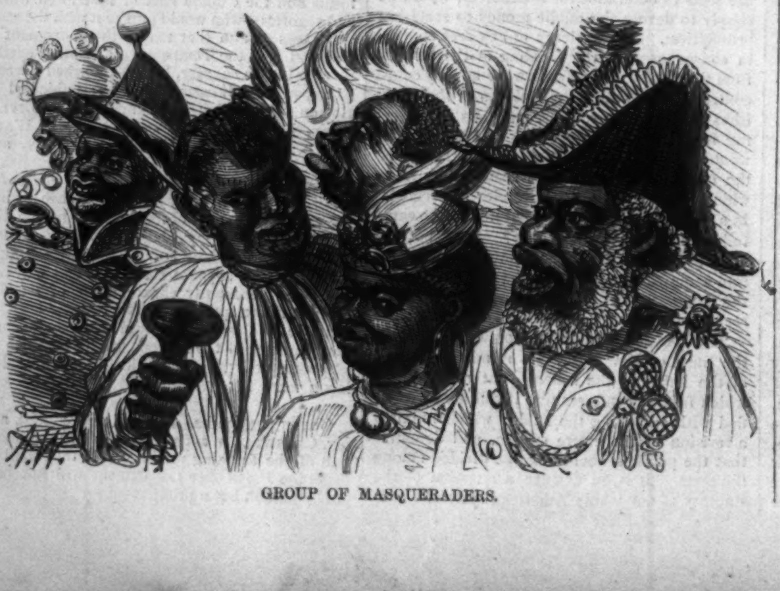
THE TIN-PAIL DRUMMER.

One curious customer, who marched all alone, was dressed in a costume which must have been imported direct from "Afric's sunny fountain" for this special purpose. It consisted of short striped breeches, high moccasins, of so many colors that it would be impossible to tell the fabric from which they were sewn, a pink gauze shirt, the color considerably darkened by the black skin underneath, and on the head a huge waving bunch of something like tow. This fantastically attired individual carried a bent and rusty tin pail, from which, with an immense club, he brought forth such an uproar that we expected to see the tablet to COLUMBUS on the wall of the cathedral altar start from its position, and the dry bones behind it spring forth. As we looked closer at him, he rolled up his eyes and opened his mouth with wild shrieks for money, all the while striking the tin pail and dancing wildly. The whites of his eyes, and two rows of glaring teeth, with the huge red opening between them, together with the coal-blackness of his face, formed a picture horrible to civilized mortals. Was this creature man or baboon? If man, where, oh! where was the human element to be sought?

Apart from this festive throng there appeared to be an upper-crust of the black element, the movements of which were very amusing to watch. The men all in holiday attire—white pants and black coat, when they could get one—walked about twirling little canes, and watching with a very superior air the mad pranks of their more humble brethren. The women of the same class sailed majestically around, carrying their long muslin trains and tossing their heads with a grace and real beauty of motion that many a Broadway belle might envy.

As the day wore on toward night the excitement grew wilder, and even the upper-crust found it very hard to keep their step down to an indifferent time, and whenever the drum and hoarse little pipe were heard, the heel and toe would keep time in spite of the possessor.

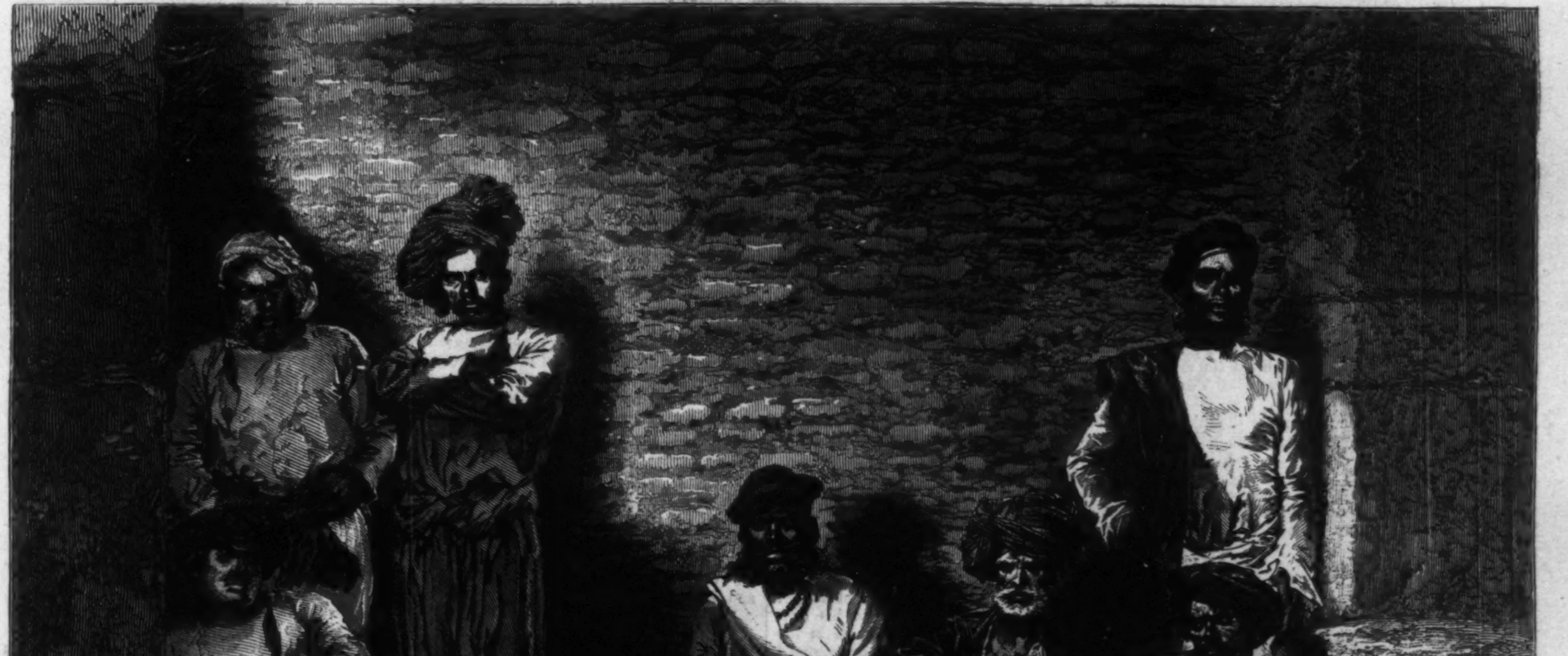
After nightfall the streets became clear, and all the mad rout betook themselves to their ballrooms, where, with dances and shrieks and yells, they passed away what remained of the Day of the Three Holy Kings.



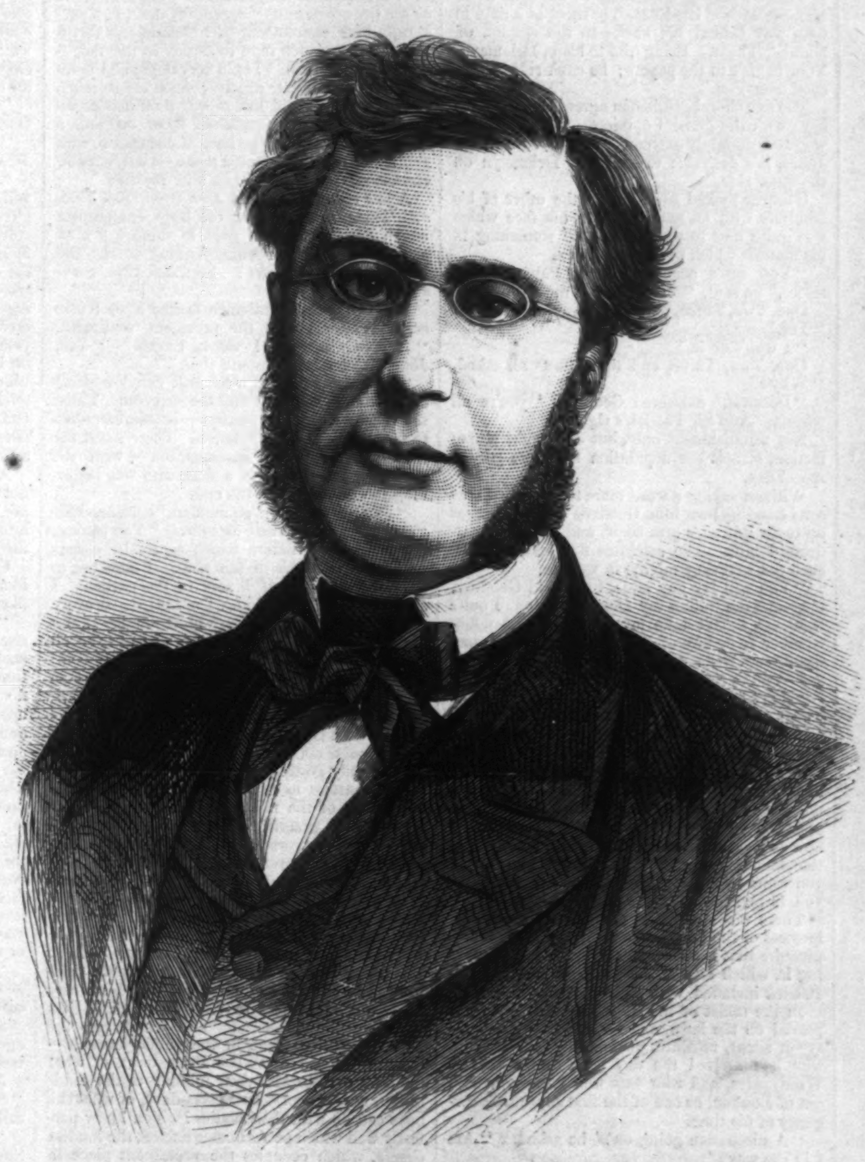
GROUP OF MASQUERADERS.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

THIS ferocious sect, now nearly exterminated by the British authorities, is by some supposed to have originated with Mahommedan banditti in India, though it afterward became more a Hindoo than a Mohammedan practice. They were once found in all parts of India, and their atrocious deeds made them the terror of the country. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, the divinity who presided over sensual indulgences and death, and followed their cruel practices from religious motives rather than for the gratification of malice or desire for blood. The members of the sect belong to all the different castes, and each has its own department in the service. The gangs were from 30 to 300 in number, divided into different classes under a leader and a teacher. These classes were: 1. The spies, who were learners or apprentices; 2. Stranglers; 3. Entrappers, who were sometimes women; 4. Grave-diggers. They usually assumed the dress of merchants or pilgrims, and often craved the protection of those whom they intended to destroy. Their usual instrument of death was the handkerchief, or rumal, with which, by a dextrous movement, they strangled their victim. The spies having informed their associates in regard to their intended victims, the members of the gang traveled to the spot in such a manner as to be near each other, and the entrappers, by artful management, would endeavor to attract the doomed persons to some secluded place where the stranglers could dispatch them. After stripping the bodies of every thing, the grave-diggers buried them with such precautions as were necessary to prevent discovery. The plunder was divided—one-third to the widows and orphans of the sect, one-third to the goddess Kali, and the remainder among the assassins. After a murder the Thugs who had been engaged in it united in a sort of sacrament, called *tapounee*, at which consecrated sugar was eaten. It was not their practice to kill women or old men, and Europeans were spared, from the danger of detection. The English authorities in India sought to suppress the Thugs as early as 1800; but it was not until 1835 that the gangs were effectually broken up, and their power as an organization destroyed. Between 1826 and 1835 1562 persons were condemned as Thugs, their families put under surveillance, and their children educated to virtuous habits, and taught trades by which they might obtain an honest livelihood. Many of the Thugs were, to all appearance, respectable and worthy people, and their connection with the sect was rarely suspected until it was revealed by their arrest by the authorities, or the discovery of some murder in which they had been engaged. An English officer, for twenty years a resident of India, relates that he was intimate for many years with a native merchant, supposed to be an excellent and exemplary citizen, who turned out to be a Thug chief. The number of Thugs at present in India is very small, and is constantly diminishing. Our illustration represents a group of stranglers—a ferocious-looking set of men, whom it were just as pleasant not to meet in a lonely place.



A GROUP OF THUGS.



M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. **EMILE OLLIVIER**, the new Prime Minister of France, is a comparatively young man, having been born at Marseilles in 1825. In 1847 he became a member of the Paris bar. When the Revolution broke out the following year he was sent by **LEDRU ROLLIN** as Government Commissioner to Marseilles. This was his introduction to public life. He was afterward appointed Prefect at Langres; but in consequence of differences with the government of **LOUIS NAPOLEON**, then become President, he returned to the bar, where he achieved considerable success. In 1857 he was returned as Opposition candidate for one of the circumscriptions of the capital, and spoke and voted with the other four deputies in steady resistance to the Draconian measures proposed by the government and passed by a docile Corps Législatif. For three years his speeches, as well as those of his colleagues, **JULES FAVRE**, **ERNEST PICARD**, **PELLETAN**, and **JULES SIMON**, were not allowed to be published; and not until 1860, when the debates were regularly reported in the *Moniteur*, were the public enabled to form a conception of his powers as a parliamentary orator. At this period **OLLIVIER** was a bitter *irréconciliable*, more from personal motives, perhaps, than public ones, for his father had been expelled and ruined by the *coup d'état*. This portion of his history he has himself narrated with touching simplicity and much graphic power in his book published early last year.

In 1863 he was re-elected for Paris, and soon afterward his hostility to the government became toned down. His report on trade combinations and strikes, which formed the basis of the new law on those subjects, brought him into personal communication with the Emperor, toward whom he gradually approximated, and in 1865 he was chosen—with government support, of course—as one of the members of the Council-General of Toulon. The reforms of January, that crowning of the edifice, a work which has consumed three years in repeated commencements and repeated delays, are attributed to his inspiration. His labors and efforts, in the interval, to make parliamentary government a reality, seem likely to be at length successful.

M. **EMILE OLLIVIER** is an impressive speaker and ready debater, and in other respects a man of much ability. Four years since he was appointed permanent professional adviser to the Pasha of Egypt with a large salary, and had to take his name off the list of the members of the bar in consequence. He was chosen by the Emperor to arbitrate in the matter of the Suez Canal. He has been twice married. His first wife, a daughter of **LISZT** the pianist, died a few years back; and he not long since married a young lady from Marseilles, with whom, it is stated, he received a large fortune.

REPROACH.

FIERCE the sea is, and fickle if fair.
So they say of it. So let it be.
But did ever the landsman's languor check
The seaman's pride in his dancing deck?
Or did ever the helmsman, whose home is there,
In place of his own true hand and eye,
Trust the plowman's skill, when the sea ran high,
And submit to a landsman's usurpature?
No! For the seaman loveth the sea,
And knoweth its nature.

Peril there is on the mountain peak,
When headlong tumble the turbulent rills.
But did ever the lowland shepherd's fear
Daunt the heart of the mountaineer?
Or did ever the hill-born hunter seek,
When the snow-drift, sweeping the mountain wide,
Flew fast and fierce, for a lowland guide
To track the path of a mountain creature?
No! For the huntsman loveth the hills,
And knoweth their nature.

Then to whom shall the sailor for counsel go,
Through the violent waters his bark to steer?
Or what, through the ice and the falling snow,
May guide the foot of the mountaineer?
Hath the huntsman heed of the pastoral trills
Which the shepherd pipes to his flocks on the lea?
Or the seaman faith in the fear that fills
The landsman's babbling prate? Not he!
For the heights and the depths have their ways and wills,
Which they must learn who their lords would be;
And the highlander studies and trusts the hills,
As the mariner studies and trusts the sea.

But, O my love, I am thine in vain,
If thou trustest me not! And, oh! why hast thou ta'en
Counsel not of my nature nor thine
How a woman should deal with this heart of mine?
The seaman the sea doth trust,
And the huntsman the hills. But thou,
Thou that hast known me, dost
Trust those that I scorn to know
For the knowledge of me;
Who have been thine own
In vain, if by thee
I be still unknown.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

CLOSE ON IT.

THE object of the invasion of the library by the party in the garden appeared to be twofold.

Sir Patrick had entered the room to restore the newspaper to the place from which he had taken it. The guests, to the number of five, had followed him, to appeal in a body to Geoffrey Delamayn. Between these two apparently dissimilar motives there was a connection, not visible on the surface, which was now to assert itself.

Of the five guests, two were middle-aged gentlemen belonging to that large, but indistinct, division of the human family whom the hand of Nature has painted in unobtrusive neutral tint. They had absorbed the ideas of their time with such receptive capacity as they possessed; and they occupied much the same place in society which the chorus in an opera occupies on the stage. They echoed the prevalent sentiment of the moment; and they gave the solo-talker time to fetch his breath.

The three remaining guests were on the right side of thirty. All profoundly versed in horse-racing, in athletic sports, in pipes, beer, billiards, and betting. All profoundly ignorant of every thing else under the sun. All gentlemen by birth, and all marked as such by the stamp of "a University education." They may be personally described as faint reflections of Geoffrey; and they may be numerically distinguished (in the absence of all other distinction) as One, Two, and Three.

Sir Patrick laid the newspaper on the table, and placed himself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. He was instantly assailed, in his domestic capacity, by his irrepressible sister-in-law. Lady Lundie dispatched Blanche to him with the list of her guests at the dinner. "For your uncle's approval, my dear, as head of the family."

While Sir Patrick was looking over the list, and while Arnold was making his way to Blanche, at the back of her uncle's chair, One, Two, and Three—with the Chorus in attendance on them—descended in a body on Geoffrey, at the other end of the room, and appealed in rapid succession to his superior authority, as follows:

"I say, Delamayn. We want You. Here is Sir Patrick running a regular Muck at us. Calls us aboriginal Britons. Tells us we ain't educated. Doubts if we could read, write, and cipher, if he tried us. Swears he's sick of fellows showing their arms and legs, and seeing which fellow's hardest, and who's got three belts of muscle across his wind, and who hasn't, and the like of that. Says a most infernal thing of a chap. Says—because a chap likes a healthy out-of-door life, and trains for rowing and running, and the rest of it, and don't see his way to stewing over his books—*therefore* he's safe to commit all the crimes in the calendar, murder included. Saw your name down in the newspaper for the Foot-Race; and said, when we asked him if he'd taken the odds, he'd lay any odds we liked against you in the other Race at the University—meaning, old boy, your Degree. Nasty, that about the Degree—in the opinion of Number One. Bad taste in Sir Patrick to rake up what we never mention among ourselves—in the opinion of Number Two. Un-English to sneer at a man in that way behind his back—in the opinion of Number Three. Bring him to book, Delamayn. Your name's in the papers; he can't ride rough-shod over You."

The two choral gentlemen agreed (in the minor key) with the general opinion. "Sir Patrick's views are certainly extreme, Smith?" "I think, Jones, it's desirable to hear Mr. Delamayn on the other side."

Geoffrey looked from one to the other of his admirers with an expression on his face which was quite new to them, and with something in his manner which puzzled them all.

"You can't argue with Sir Patrick yourselves," he said, "and you want me to do it?"

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all answered, "Yes."

"I won't do it."

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all asked, "Why?"

"Because," answered Geoffrey, "you're all wrong. And Sir Patrick's right."

Not astonishment only, but downright stupefaction, struck the deputation from the garden speechless.

Without saying a word more to any of the persons standing near him, Geoffrey walked straight up to Sir Patrick's arm-chair, and personally addressed him. The satellites followed, and listened (as well they might) in wonder.

"You will lay any odds, Sir," said Geoffrey, "against me taking my Degree? You're quite right. I sha'n't take my Degree. You doubt whether I, or any of those fellows behind me, could read, write, and cipher correctly if you tried us. You're right again—we couldn't. You say you don't know why men like Me, and men like Them, may not begin with rowing and running, and the like of that, and end in committing all the crimes in the calendar: murder included. Well! you may be right again there. Who's to know what may happen to him? or what he may not end in doing before he dies? It may be Another, or it may be Me. How do I know? and how do you?" He suddenly turned on the deputation, standing thunder-struck behind him. "If you want to know what I think, there it is for you, in plain words."

There was something, not only in the shamelessness of the declaration itself, but in the fierce pleasure that the speaker seemed to feel in making it, which struck the circle of listeners, Sir Patrick included, with a momentary chill.

In the midst of the silence a sixth guest appeared on the lawn, and stepped into the library—a silent, resolute, unassuming elderly man, who had arrived the day before on a visit to Windygates, and who was well known, in and out of London, as one of the first consulting surgeons of his time.

"A discussion going on?" he asked. "Am I in the way?"

"There's no discussion—we are all agreed," cried Geoffrey, answering boisterously for the rest. "The more the merrier, Sir!"

After a glance at Geoffrey, the surgeon suddenly checked himself on the point of advancing to the inner part of the room, and remained standing at the window.

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Patrick, addressing himself to Geoffrey, with a grave dignity which was quite new in Arnold's experience of him. "We are *not* all agreed. I decline, Mr. Delamayn, to allow you to connect me with such an expression of feeling on your part as we have just heard. The language you have used leaves me no alternative but to meet your statement of what you suppose me to have said by my statement of what I really did say. It is not my fault if the discussion in the garden is revived before another audience in this room—it is yours."

He looked as he spoke to Arnold and Blanche, and from them to the surgeon standing at the window.

The surgeon had found an occupation for himself which completely isolated him among the rest of the guests. Keeping his own face in shadow, he was studying Geoffrey's face, in the full flood of light that fell on it, with a steady attention which must have been generally remarked, if all eyes had not been turned toward Sir Patrick at the time.

It was not an easy face to investigate at that moment.

While Sir Patrick had been speaking Geoffrey had seated himself near the window, doggedly impenetrable to the reproof of which he was the object. In his impatience to consult the one authority competent to decide the question of Arnold's position toward Anne, he had sided with Sir Patrick, as a means of ridding himself of the unwelcome presence of his friends—and he had defeated his own purpose, thanks to his own brutish incapability of bridling himself in the pursuit of it. Whether he was now discouraged under these circumstances, or whether he was simply resigned to bide his time till his time came, it was impossible, judging by outward appearances, to say. With a heavy dropping at the corners of his mouth, with a stolid indifference staring dull in his eyes, there he sat, a man forearmed, in his own obstinate neutrality, against all temptation to engage in the conflict of opinions that was to come.

Sir Patrick took up the newspaper which he had brought in from the garden, and looked once more to see if the surgeon was attending to him.

No! The surgeon's attention was absorbed in his own subject. There he was in the same position, with his mind still hard at work on something in Geoffrey which at once interested and puzzled it! "That man," he was thinking to himself, "has come here this morning after traveling from London all night. Does any ordinary fatigue explain what I see in his face? No!"

"Our little discussion in the garden," resumed Sir Patrick, answering Blanche's inquiring look as she bent over him, "began, my dear, in a paragraph here announcing Mr. Delamayn's forthcoming appearance in a foot-race in the neighborhood of London. I hold very unpopular opinions as to the athletic displays which are so much in vogue in England just now. And it is possible that I may have expressed those opinions a little too strongly, in the heat of discussion, with gentlemen who are opposed to me—I don't doubt, conscientiously opposed—on this question."

A low groan of protest rose from One, Two, and Three, in return for the little compliment which Sir Patrick had paid to them. "How about rowing and running ending in the Old Bailey and the gallows? You said that, Sir—you know you did!"

The two choral gentlemen looked at each other, and agreed with the prevalent sentiment. "It came to that, I think, Smith." "Yes, Jones, it certainly came to that."

The only two men who still cared nothing about it were Geoffrey and the surgeon. There sat the first, stolidly neutral—indifferent alike to the attack and the defense. There stood the second, pursuing his investigation—with the growing interest in it of a man who was beginning to see his way to the end.

"Hear my defense, gentlemen," continued Sir Patrick, as courteously as ever. "You belong, remember, to a nation which especially claims to practice the rules of fair play. I must beg to remind you of what I said in the garden. I started with a concession. I admitted—as every person of the smallest sense must admit—that a man will, in the great majority of cases, be all the fitter for mental exercise if he wisely combines physical exercise along with it. The whole question between the two is a question of proportion and degree; and my complaint of the present time is that the present time doesn't see it. Popular opinion in England seems to me to be, not only getting to consider the cultivation of the muscles as of equal importance with the cultivation of the mind, but to be actually extending—in practice, if not in theory—to the absurd and dangerous length of putting bodily training in the first place of importance, and mental training in the second. To take a case in point: I can discover no enthusiasm in the nation any thing like so genuine and any thing like so general as the enthusiasm excited by your University boat-race. Again: I see this Athletic Education of yours made a matter of public celebration in schools and colleges; and I ask any unprejudiced witness to tell me which excites most popular enthusiasm, and which gets the most prominent place in the public journals—the exhibition, indoors (on Prize-day), of what the boys can do with their minds? or the exhibition, out of doors (on Sports-day), of what the boys can do with their bodies? You know perfectly well which performance excites the loudest cheers, which occupies the prominent place in the newspapers, and which, as a necessary consequence, confers the highest social honors on the hero of the day."

Another murmur from One, Two, and Three. "We have nothing to say to that, Sir; have it all your own way, so far."

Another ratification of agreement with the prevalent opinion between Smith and Jones.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "We are all of one mind as to which way the public feeling sets. If it is a feeling to be respected and encouraged, show me the national advantage which has resulted from it. Where is the influence of this modern outburst of manly enthusiasm on the serious concerns of life? and how has it improved the character of the people at large? Are we any of us individually readier than we ever were to sacrifice our own little private interests to the public good? Are we dealing with the serious social questions of our time in a conspicuously determined, downright, and definite way? Are we becoming a visibly and indisputably purer people in our code of commercial morals? Is there a healthier and higher tone in those public amusements which faithfully reflect in all countries the public taste? Produce me affirmative answers to these questions, which rest on solid proof, and I'll accept the present mania for athletic sports as something better than an outbreak of our insular boastfulness and our insular barbarity in a new form."

"Question! question!" in a general cry, from One, Two, and Three.

"Question! question!" in meek reverberation, from Smith and Jones.

"That *is* the question," rejoined Sir Patrick. "You admit the existence of the public feeling; and I ask, what good does it do?"

"What harm does it do?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Hear! hear!" from Smith and Jones.

"That's a fair challenge," replied Sir Patrick. "I am bound to meet you on that new ground. I won't point, gentlemen, by way of answer, to the coarseness which I can see growing on our national manners, or to the deterioration which appears to me to be spreading more and more widely in our national tastes. You may tell me with perfect truth that I am too old a man to be a fair judge of manners and tastes which have got beyond my standards. We will try the issue, as it now stands between us, on its abstract merits only. I assert that a state of public feeling which does practically place physical training, in its estimation, above moral and mental training, is a positively bad and dangerous state of feeling in this, that it encourages the inbred reluctance in humanity to submit to the demands which moral and mental cultivation must inevitably make on it. Which am I, as a boy, naturally most ready to do—to try how high I can jump? or to try how much I can learn? Which training comes easiest to me as a young man? The training which teaches me to handle an oar? or the training which teaches me to return good for evil, and to love my neighbor as myself? Of those two experiments, of those two trainings, which ought society in England to meet with the warmest encouragement? And which does society in England practically encourage, as a matter of fact?"

"What did you say yourself just now?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Remarkably well put!" from Smith and Jones.

"I said," admitted Sir Patrick, "that a man will go all the better to his books for his healthy physical exercise. And I say that again—provided the physical exercise be restrained within fit limits. But when public feeling enters into the question, and directly exalts the bodily exercises above the books—then I say public feeling is in a dangerous extreme. The bodily exercises, in that case, will be uppermost in the youth's thoughts, will have the strongest hold on his interest, will take the lion's share of his time, and will, by those means—barring the few purely exceptional instances—slowly and surely end in leaving him, to all good moral and mental purpose, certainly an uncultivated, and, possibly, a dangerous man."

A cry from the camp of the adversaries: "He's got to it at last! A man who leads an out-of-door life, and uses the strength that God has given to him, is a dangerous man. Did any body ever hear the like of that?"

Cry reverberated, with variations, by the two human echoes: "No! Nobody ever heard the like of that!"

"Clear your minds of cant, gentlemen," answered Sir Patrick. "The agricultural laborer leads an out-of-door life, and uses the strength that God has given to him. The sailor in the merchant service does the same. Both are an uncultivated, a shamefully uncultivated, class—and see the result! Look at the Map of Crime, and you will find the most hideous offenses in the calendar, committed—not in the towns, where the average man doesn't lead an out-of-door life, doesn't as a rule, use his strength, but *is*, as a rule, comparatively cultivated—not in the towns, but in the agricultural districts. As for the English sailor—except when the Royal Navy catches and cultivates him—ask Mr. Brinkworth, who has served in the merchant navy, what sort of specimen of the moral influence of out-of-door life and muscular cultivation *he* is."

"In nine cases out of ten," said Arnold, "he is as idle and vicious a ruffian as walks the earth."

Another cry from the Opposition: "Are *we* agricultural laborers? Are *we* sailors in the merchant service?"

A smart reverberation from the human echoes: "Smith! am I a laborer?" "Jones! am I a sailor?"

"Pray let us not be personal, gentlemen," said Sir Patrick. "I am speaking generally; and I can only meet extreme objections by pushing my argument to extreme limits. The laborer and the sailor have served my purpose. If the laborer and the sailor offend you, by all means let them walk off the stage! I hold to the position which I advanced just now. A man may be well-born, well-off, well-dressed, well-fed—but if he is an uncultivated man, he is (in spite of all those advantages) a man with special capacities for evil in him, on that very account. Don't mistake me! I am far from saying that the present rage for exclusively muscular accomplishments must lead inevitably downward to the lowest deep of depravity. Fortunately for society, all special depravity is more or less certainly the result, in the first instance, of special temptation. The ordinary mass of us, thank God, pass through life without being exposed to other than ordinary temptations. Thousands of the young gentlemen, devoted to the favorite pursuits of the present time, will get through existence with no worse consequences to themselves than a coarse tone of mind and manners, and a lamentable incapability of feeling any of those higher and gentler influences which sweeten and purify the lives of more cultivated men. But take the other case (which may occur to any body), the case of a special temptation trying a modern young man of your prosperous class and of mine. And let me beg Mr. Delamayn to honor with his attention what I have now to say, because it refers to the opinion which I did really express—as distinguished from the opinion which he affects to agree with, and which I never advanced."

Geoffrey's indifference showed no signs of giving way. "Go on!" he said—and still sat looking straight before him, with heavy eyes, which noticed nothing, and expressed nothing.

"Take the example which we have now in view," pursued Sir Patrick—"the example of an average young gentleman of our time, blest with every advantage that physical cultivation can bestow on him. Let this man be tried by a temptation which insidiously calls into action, in his own interests, the savage instincts latent in humanity—the instincts of self-seeking and cruelty which are at the bottom of all crime. Let this man be placed toward some other person, guiltless of injuring him, in a position which demands one of two sacrifices: the sacrifice of the other person, or the sacrifice of his own interests and his own desires. His neighbor's happiness, or his neighbor's life, stands, let us say, between him and the attainment of something that he wants. He can wreck the happiness, or strike down the life, without, to his knowledge, any fear of suffering for it himself. What is to prevent him, being the man he is, from going straight to his end, on those conditions? Will the skill in rowing, the swiftness in running, the admirable capacity and endurance in other physical exercises, which he has attained, by a strenuous cultivation in this kind that has excluded any similarly strenuous cultivation in other kinds

—will these physical attainments help him to win a purely moral victory over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? They won't even help him to see that it *is* selfishness, and that it *is* cruelty. The essential principle of his rowing and racing (a harmless principle enough, if you can be sure of applying it to rowing and racing only) has taught him to take every advantage of another man that his superior strength and superior cunning can suggest. There has been nothing in his training to soften the barbarous hardness in his heart, and to enlighten the barbarous darkness in his mind. Temptation finds this man defenseless, when temptation passes his way. I don't care who he is, or how high he stands accidentally in the social scale—he is, to all moral intents and purposes, an Animal, and nothing more. If my happiness stands in his way—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my happiness. If my life happens to be the next obstacle he encounters—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my life. Not, Mr. Delamayn, in the character of a victim to irresistible fatality, or to blind chance; but in the character of a man who has sown the seed, and reaps the harvest. That, Sir, is the case which I put as an extreme case only, when this discussion began. As an extreme case only—but as a perfectly possible case, at the same time—I restate it now."

Before the advocates of the other side of the question could open their lips to reply, Geoffrey suddenly flung off his indifference, and started to his feet.

"Stop!" he cried, threatening the others, in his fierce impatience to answer for himself, with his clenched fist.

There was a general silence.

Geoffrey turned and looked at Sir Patrick, as if Sir Patrick had personally insulted him.

"Who is this anonymous man, who finds his way to his own ends, and pities nobody and sticks at nothing?" he asked. "Give him a name!"

"I am quoting an example," said Sir Patrick. "I am not attacking a man."

"What right have you," cried Geoffrey—utterly forgetful, in the strange exasperation that had seized on him, of the interest that he had in controlling himself before Sir Patrick—"what right have you to pick out an example of a rowing man who is an infernal scoundrel—when it's quite as likely that a rowing man may be a good fellow: ay! and a better fellow, if you come to that, than ever stood in your shoes!"

"If the one case is quite as likely to occur as the other (which I readily admit)," answered Sir Patrick, "I have surely a right to choose which case I please for illustration. (Wait, Mr. Delamayn! These are the last words I have to say, and I mean to say them.) I have taken the example—not of a specially depraved man, as you erroneously suppose—but of an average man, with his average share of the mean, cruel, and dangerous qualities, which are part and parcel of unreformed human nature—as your religion tells you, and as you may see for yourself, if you choose to look at your untaught fellow-creatures any where. I suppose that man to be tried by a temptation to wickedness, out of the common; and I show, to the best of my ability, how completely the moral and mental neglect of himself, which the present material tone of public feeling in England has tacitly encouraged, leaves him at the mercy of all the worst instincts in his nature; and how surely, under those conditions, he *must* go down (gentleman as he is) step by step—as the lowest vagabond in the streets goes down under *his* special temptation—from the beginning in ignorance to the end in crime. If you deny my right to take such an example as that, in illustration of the views I advocate, you must either deny that a special temptation to wickedness can assail a man in the position of a gentleman; or you must assert that gentlemen who are naturally superior to all temptation are the only gentlemen who devote themselves to athletic pursuits. There is my defense. In stating my case, I have spoken out of my own sincere respect for the interests of virtue and of learning: out of my own sincere admiration for those young men among us who are resisting the contagion of barbarism about them. In *their* future is the future hope of England. I have done."

Angrily ready with a violent personal reply, Geoffrey found himself checked, in his turn, by another person with something to say, and with a resolution to say it at that particular moment.

For some little time past the surgeon had discontinued his steady investigation of Geoffrey's face, and had given all his attention to the discussion, with the air of a man whose self-imposed task had come to an end. As the last sentence fell from the last speaker's lips, he interposed so quickly and so skillfully between Geoffrey and Sir Patrick, that Geoffrey himself was taken by surprise.

"There is something still wanting to make Sir Patrick's statement of the case complete," he said. "I think I can supply it, from the result of my own professional experience. Before I say what I have to say, Mr. Delamayn will perhaps excuse me, if I venture on giving him a caution to control himself."

"Are *you* going to make a dead set at me, too?" inquired Geoffrey.

"I am recommending you to keep your temper—nothing more. There are plenty of men who can fly into a passion without doing themselves any particular harm. You are not one of them."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think the state of your health, Mr. Delamayn, is quite so satisfactory as you may be disposed to consider it yourself."

Geoffrey turned to his admirers and adherents with a roar of derisive laughter. The admirers and adherents all echoed him together. Arnold and Blanche smiled at each other. Even Sir Patrick looked as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. There stood the modern Hercules, self-vindicated as a Hercules, before all eyes that looked at him. And there, opposite, stood a man whom he could have killed with one blow of his fist, telling him, in serious earnest, that he was not in perfect health!

"You are a rare fellow!" said Geoffrey, half in jest and half in anger. "What's the matter with me?"

"I have undertaken to give you, what I believe to be, a necessary caution," answered the surgeon. "I have *not* undertaken to tell you what I think is the matter with you. That may be a question for consideration some little time hence. In the mean while, I should like to put my impression about you to the test. Have you any objection to answer a question on a matter of no particular importance relating to yourself?"

"Let's hear the question first."

"I have noticed something in your behavior while Sir Patrick was speaking. You are as much interested in opposing his views as any of those gentlemen about you. I don't understand your sitting in silence, and leaving it entirely to the others to put the case on your side—until Sir Patrick said something which happened to irritate you. Had you, all the time before that, no answer ready in your own mind?"

"I had as good answers in my mind as any that have been made here to-day."

"And yet you didn't give them?"

"No; I didn't give them."

"Perhaps you felt—though you knew your objections to be good ones—that it was hardly worth while to take the trouble of putting them into words? In short, you let your friends answer for you, rather than make the effort of answering for yourself?"

Geoffrey looked at his medical adviser with a sudden curiosity and a sudden distrust.

"I say," he asked, "how do you come to know what's going on in my mind—without my telling you of it?"

"It is my business to find out what is going on in people's bodies—and to do that it is sometimes necessary for me to find out (if I can) what is going on in their minds. If I have rightly interpreted what was going on in *your* mind, there is no need for me to press my question. You have answered it already."

He turned to Sir Patrick next.

"There is a side to this subject," he said, "which you have not touched on yet. There is a Physical objection to the present rage for muscular exercises of all sorts, which is quite as strong, in its way, as the Moral objection. You have stated the consequences as they *may* affect the mind. I can state the consequences as they *do* affect the body."

"From your own experience?"

"From my own experience. I can tell you, as a medical man, that a proportion, and not by any means a small one, of the young men who are now putting themselves to violent athletic tests of their strength and endurance, are taking that course to the serious and permanent injury of their own health. The public who attend rowing-matches, foot-races, and other exhibitions of that sort, see nothing but the successful results of muscular training. Fathers and mothers at home see the failures. There are households in England—miserable households, to be counted, Sir Patrick, by more than ones and twos—in which there are young men who have to thank the strain laid on their constitutions by the popular physical displays of the present time, for being broken men, and invalided men, for the rest of their lives."

"Do you hear that?" said Sir Patrick, looking at Geoffrey.

Geoffrey carelessly nodded his head. His irritation had had time to subside: the stolid indifference had got possession of him again. He had resumed his chair—he sat, with outstretched legs, staring stupidly at the pattern on the carpet. "What does it matter to Me?" was the sentiment expressed all over him, from head to foot.

The surgeon went on.

"I can see no remedy for this sad state of things," he said, "as long as the public feeling remains what the public feeling is now. A fine healthy-looking young man, with a superb muscular development, longs (naturally enough) to distinguish himself like others. The training-authorities at his college, or elsewhere, take him in hand (naturally enough again) on the strength of outward appearances. And whether they have been right or wrong in choosing him is more than they can say, until the experiment has been tried, and the mischief has been, in many cases, irretrievably done. How many of them are aware of the important physiological truth, that the muscular power of a man is no fair guarantee of his vital power? How many of them know that we all have (as a great French writer puts it) two lives in us—the surface life of the muscles, and the inner life of the heart, lungs, and brain? Even if they did know this—even with medical men to help them—it would be in the last degree doubtful, in most cases, whether any previous examination would result in any reliable discovery of the vital fitness of the man to undergo the stress of muscular exertion laid on him. Apply to any of my brethren; and they will tell you, as the result of their own professional observation, that I am, in no sense, overstating this serious evil, or exaggerating the deplorable and dangerous consequences to which it leads. I have a patient at this moment, who is a young man of twenty, and who possesses one of the finest muscular developments I ever saw in my life. If that young man had consulted me, before he followed the example of the other young men about him, I can not honestly say that I could have foreseen the results. As things are, after going through a certain amount of muscular training, after performing a certain number of muscular feats, he suddenly fainted one day, to the astonishment of his family and friends. I was called in, and I have watched the case since. He will probably live, but he will never recover. I am obliged to take precautions with this youth of twenty which I should take with an old man of eighty. He is big enough and muscular enough to sit to a painter as a model for Samson—and only last week I saw him swoon away like a young girl, in his mother's arms."

"Name!" cried Geoffrey's admirers, still fighting the battle on their side, in the absence of any encouragement from Geoffrey himself.

"I am not in the habit of mentioning my patients' names," replied the surgeon. "But if you insist on my producing an example of a man broken by athletic exercises, I can do it."

"Do it! Who is he?"

"You all know him perfectly well."

"Is he in the doctor's hands?"

"Not yet."

"Where is he?"

"There?"

In a pause of breathless silence—with the eyes of every person in the room eagerly fastened on him—the surgeon lifted his hand and pointed to Geoffrey Delamayn.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, proposes a new variorum edition of Shakspeare. The text will be that of the Cambridge editors, and to the textual notes of that edition will be added the various readings of Singer, Knight, Campbell, Cornwall, Collier, Verplanck, Hazlitt, Hudson, Ulrici, Delius, Staunton, Dyce, White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clark, and Keightley. The original notes of these editors will be preceded by all the notes of the Variorum of 1821 that have been retained; and English, French, and German criticism will be copiously represented by selections from Douce, Nares, Hunter, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, Hallam, Brown, Sidney Walker, Halpin, Mitford, Hartley Coleridge, Craik, Massey, Beisly, *Notes and Queries*, Lessing, Schlegel, Franz Horn, Gervinus, Delius, Ulrici, Kreyssig, Rötscher, Mommsen, Chateaubriand, Villemain, Marc-Girardin, Guizot, Lacroix, Mézières, Chasles, Taine, and many others. The first volume, containing "Romeo and Juliet," is already in the press of the Lippincott's. The price will be ten dollars, and the work will be thoroughly and admirably done.

The Long Island Historical Society has just published, in the second volume of its "Memoirs," a long, minute, and exceedingly interesting account of the battle of Long Island, including the military events immediately preceding, and the movements consequent upon the defeat of the patriot army. It is compiled by Mr. Thomas W. Field, who has evinced commendable assiduity in hunting up the material for his work, and skill in arranging it into a succinct and readable narrative. Compared with many of the battles of our late war, those of the Revolution and the War of 1812 sink into comparative insignificance; but their importance is not to be measured by the number of men engaged, or by the length of the lists of killed and wounded, but by their results. Viewed in this light, the battle of Long Island was one of the most important of the war, and it was worth while for the learned and useful society under whose sanction this valuable work is published, to rescue from the oblivion of old books, pamphlets, newspapers, dispatches, and other neglected sources of information, all these details of the event. The volume is of special interest, of course, to Long Islanders; but all students of American history will find it a valuable acquisition. The volume is elegantly printed, and presents a very handsome appearance. It is illustrated with a photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of an original map of the battle-field drawn by a Hessian officer who was engaged in the fight.

It is announced that P. Konewka is about to give the world another illustration of his wonderful power in the difficult art of silhouette drawing, in a work entitled "Leaves from Goethe's Faust." Those who have seen his admirable designs to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," published in this country by Roberts Brothers, Boston, will look for the new volume with eager interest. Konewka is the first artist who has produced silhouttes really worthy to be ranked as works of art, as he is, we believe, almost the only artist of note who has endeavored to make these shadow-pictures interpreters of poetic thought and sentiment. It is difficult to say which is the more admirable—the grace, lightness, and beauty with which he endows his figures, without any of those effects of light and shade on which artists are accustomed to rely, or the expression of character and individuality which he throws into them. The shadow of a real Puck, thrown on the wall by the sun, could not be more expressive of fun and mischief-loving, nor that of a real Titania more graceful. We have no doubt he will also give us a Faust, a Margaret, and a Mephistopheles in which we shall recognize our ideal of each of these characters.

The winter in New York has been mild enough, but it does not therefore follow that it is mild every where. In Wyoming, for example, it must be terribly cold. If any one doubts it, the following fact (?) must be convincing: An estimable young lady of Laramie, Wyoming, got choked a short time ago while drinking a glass of water, by a piece of ice sticking in her throat, where it still remains. A council of eminent physicians decided that nothing could be done to remove the obstruction before next spring.

Connecticut is going to surprise the world, and especially all her sister States. She proposes to enact a law restricting people from procuring divorces until they have been married at least two weeks!

In the Annual Report of the Metropolitan Board of Health for 1869, it is stated that under an ordinance passed about a year ago, establishing certain tests for kerosene oil, upward of four hundred retail dealers of adulterated kerosene oil have been brought into the courts of New York and Brooklyn. More than twelve months ago an investigation was made respecting the quality and kinds of burning fluid in common use in New York city. Seventy-nine specimens of kerosene were purchased from as many different retail dealers, and submitted to the proper analysis and tests. Of this number seventy-eight samples were found unsafe. The dangerous ingredients were found to be benzine, gasoline, and naphtha. This result of the analysis plainly revealed the cause of so many serious accidents from the explosion of burning fluids. The ordinance passed made it necessary that kerosene or other burning fluids should not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110° Fahrenheit, and that they should not evolve an explosive vapor below 100° Fahrenheit. During the past year there has been a gradual but marked improvement in the quality of the oils offered for sale.

Undisprivacied is the latest coined word, whatever it may mean, and is appropriately called by an exchange "a four-story polysyllable with a French roof."

It does not pay to set a fashion so odd that nobody can understand it. Some very fashionable ladies in New Orleans hung a yellow ribbon on their door-knob, New-Year's Day, as an indication that they would receive calls. The callers didn't come, and it was afterward found that the ribbon had been considered a sign of small-pox.

The alarming prevalence of consumption in the vicinity of New York has induced a number of influential gentlemen to establish a "Home for Consumptives," where such relief as is possible may be afforded to those suffering with this disease. For the present a building has been secured at Tremont, Westchester County, and all comforts suitable for patients have been provided. Medical aid of the best character will be afforded, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to invigorate or sustain the afflicted. There are now accommodations for thirty; and as soon as possible land will be secured in White Plains, and permanent and suitable buildings be erected. The design is to make the institution a perfectly free charity; but in the outset, money is received from patients who have means, because the funds of the society are not ample.

Previous to the passage of a recent law of Congress, the duties of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were very arduous, as, in addition to performing their special functions in connection with the Supreme Court, they were obliged to sit in the various Circuit Courts of the United States. In accordance with the law referred to, nine Circuit Judges have been recently appointed to relieve the Justices of the Supreme Court of Circuit duties. Last week the oath of office was administered to Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff, the newly-appointed Judge to the most important of the nine Circuits, comprising New York, Connecticut, and Vermont. The occasion was one of special interest to the legal profession, and the court-room was crowded with members of the bench and bar of this city.

From the reports of the Scientific Association of France we learn that the vine occupies in France about 6,175,000 acres. This constitutes the one-and-twentieth part of the French territory, and the sixteenth part of its soil capable of cultivation. The gross produce amounts to more than 1,500,000,000 francs. This industry occupies six million men, women, and children, and nearly two million merchants, agents, and traders.

In France they have a somewhat novel method of treating tomato plants which produces fruit of an excellent quality, which ripens early. The gardeners cut off the stems of the plants down to the first cluster of flowers which appears on them, thus forcing the sap into the buds below; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes not over 18 inches high, and they are kept erect in the rows by sticks or strings.

The discovery in Oil City of a well-preserved skeleton, which is eighteen feet in height, has brought to light wonderful statistics respecting the whole giant family. It seems that eighteen feet is not an unprecedented height, even in modern times! It is asserted that there was a gentleman in Rouen, in 1830, who measured nearly eighteen feet in height; that near the same city a skeleton was found, in 1850, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was fully nineteen feet high; that Ferreguss, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, stood twenty-eight feet; and that a skeleton was found near the castle in Dauphine, in 1823, twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the back! But the most astonishing and even alarming indication that there are giants in these very days is to be found in the following announcement, which recently appeared in an English paper: "Fine Airy Rooms, with Board, for Gentlemen measuring 33 feet by 17. Terms moderate." We can only exclaim with Hamlet, "Oh, horrible! most horrible!"

Laboulaye lives in summer at Glatigny, Versailles, but in the winter he lives in Paris. He is described by a recent visitor as a short, plainly-dressed man, evidently in good health and spirits, and full of that gracious politeness in which the Frenchman of genius and culture excels. His face, though weary-looking, is an inspiriting one, and his voice low and singularly sweet, and he never seems at a loss for an expression or an illustration. The number of presents that M. Laboulaye has received from America is astonishing. He has a little museum of curious presents from his Yankee admirers. The givers of some of these gifts are unknown to him even by name. He thinks he shall never visit America—that he is "too old;" though he appears as fresh and lively as a young man.

A real tragedy recently occurred at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. Bandmann, the actor, in playing Iago, inflicted on Mrs. Steele a genuine stab. She fell to the ground uttering piercing shrieks, which for a moment were mistaken by the audience for part of the business of the scene; but it was immediately obvious that her cries were the expression of terrible pain. The curtain was immediately lowered amidst great excitement. But it was soon ascertained that the wound, though severe, was not dangerous. It seems that Bandmann's sword became entangled in the thick folds of Mrs. Steele's velvet dress, and that, as she stood somewhat obliquely at the time, the sword, instead of passing across her back, penetrated through the dress and pierced the flesh. The latest accounts say that Bandmann himself has suffered great mental distress in consequence of the accident.

A scientific botanist of Ceylon writes of the consternation produced among the coffee-planters of that island in consequence of the rapid increase of a parasitic fungus in the coffee-plantations, causing the leaves to fall off before their proper time, and endangering the safety of the crop. It is a singular fact that, among more than one thousand species of fungus which have been received in England from Ceylon, this particular one does not occur; not only is it an entirely new species, but it is with difficulty referable to any recognized section.

A REMARKABLE ROMAN BULL.

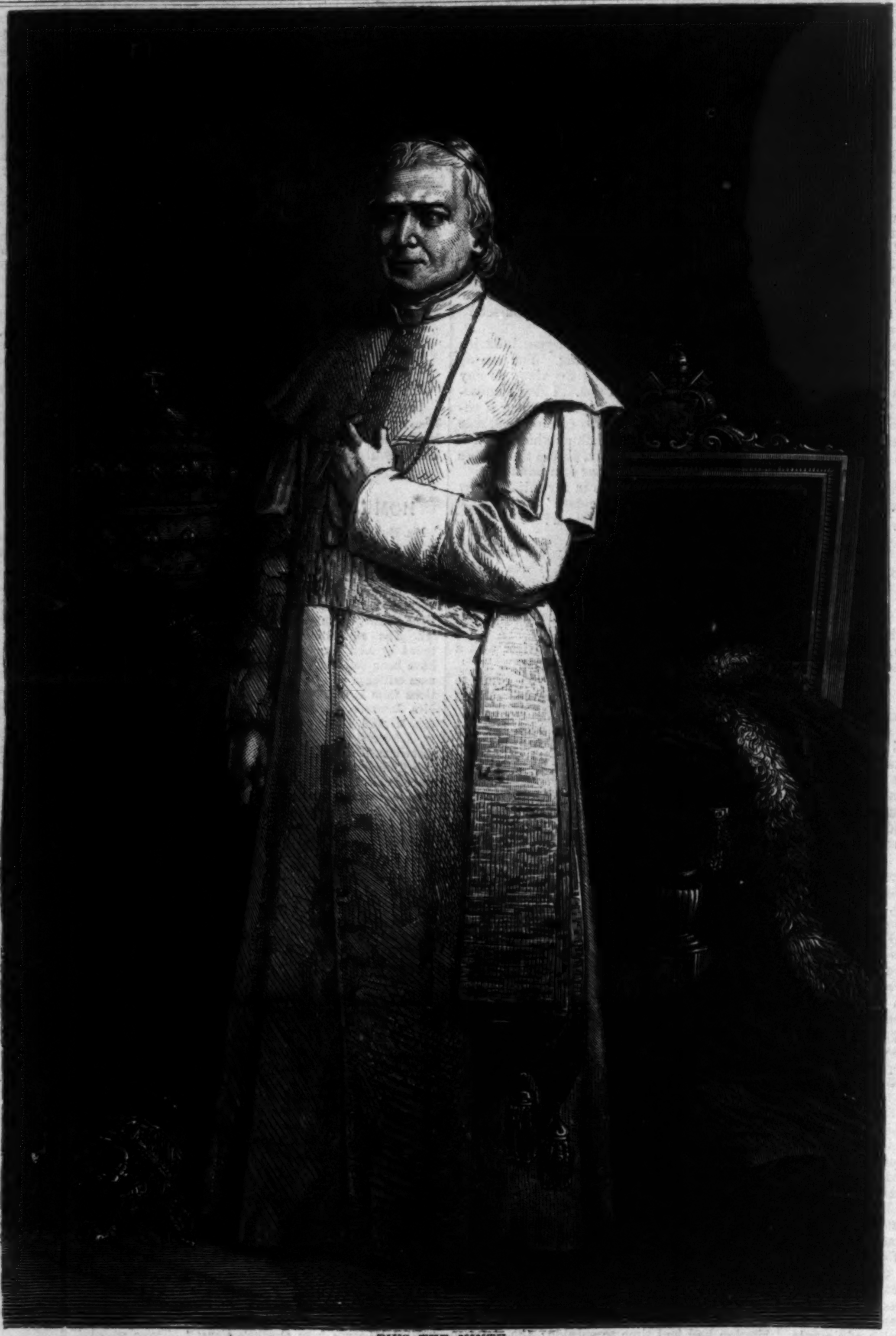
The very nice old gentleman whose father, three-quarters of a century ago, called him Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti, but who is now best known as Pio Nono, or Pope Pius the Ninth, put forth on the 12th of October, 1869, a rather remarkable document touching excommunications, and such matters. The document, duly signed by a couple of cardinals, and countersigned by two other officials, is written in fearful Latin, which we think would have puzzled Cicero or Quintilian. By this document, as we understand it, about nineteen persons in twenty now living are excommunicated "*latæ sententiæ*," which we suppose to mean "by published decision;" and of these hardly an individual can be set free from the pains of excommunication except by the Pope, their cases being "especially reserved to the Roman Pontiff." These especially reserved cases are grouped under twenty-nine heads. The *first* class comprehends all heretics, and those who believe in, receive, favor, or defend them. Pagans, Buddhists, and Mohammedans are thus excommunicated. The *third* class is composed of "schismatics, and those who obstinately withdraw or secede from obedience to the Roman Pontiff at that time living." This cuts off the Greek Church, the Maronites, and all Protestants—rather more than half of what is known as Christendom. The *second* specification sheers rather closely into the Catholics themselves. It excommunicates every person who "without the authority of the Holy See" reads or retains any book "prohibited by letters apostolic." Now, as a single case out of many, among the books formally placed in the Prohibitory Index is a poem written by an Englishman named John Milton, and entitled "Paradise Lost." We dare say there are few American Catholic clergymen, from the archbishops downward, who have not read, and who have not in their possession, this poem. Do they know that they are all excommunicated "latæ sententiæ," and that their cases are "specially reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being," who alone can absolve them?

There are about a dozen classes thus excommunicated who can be absolved only by the Pope, touching whose cases we have only to say that we trust that the Pontiff will not absolve them except upon clear proof of penitence and reformation. Among these are "forgers of apostolic letters;" those priests who, except under certain limitations, "absolve an accomplice in a disgraceful crime, even in *articulo mortis;*" those who are guilty of "simony," that is, trading in ecclesiastical preferments—we could wish that members of "rings" who trade in civil offices had been also included; those who, "making a trade of indulgences or other spiritual graces, are subject to excommunication" by the decree of Pope Pius V., dated January 2, 1554; then also all those who "fight in a duel, or simply send or receive a challenge," who in any way aid or abet in a duel, or who do not, as far as in them lies, prevent it, "whatever may be their dignity, be it royal or imperial."

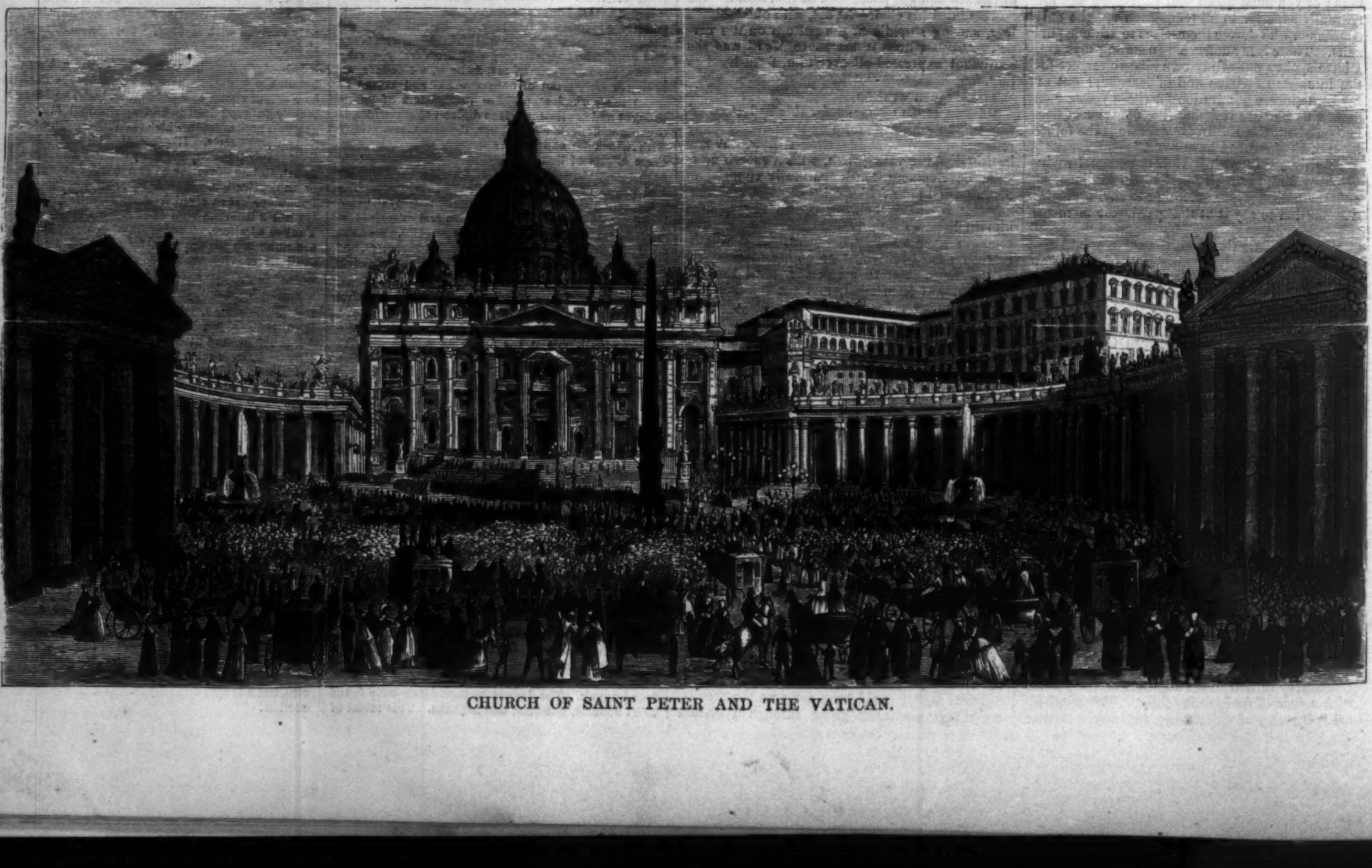
Two or three classes excommunicated "latæ sententiæ" may be absolved by the "bishops and ordinaries." *First* come "clerics *in sacris*, or regulars of either sex, who after taking the vow of chastity have the presumption to contract marriage, and those too who have the presumption to contract marriage with the said persons." We certainly hope that the ecclesiastical authorities, in this country at least, will deal very leniently with these persons; they might certainly do much worse than commit matrimony. *Second* are excommunicated "those who procure abortions;" and we hope sincerely that these persons will find scant favor from the "bishops and ordinaries."

This "Constitution"—for such is the technical word to designate it—a "Bull" proper differing from it in some points, mainly in the kind of seal affixed—is to "endure forever"—a long time even for a Pope's orders to last. It would have been well had the poor Pope or his advisers, before inserting the first three sweeping clauses touching heretics, schismatics, and the readers of prohibited books, read a chapter of a "prohibited" book entitled "Pilgrim's Progress," wherein mention is made of a certain old giant who, "though he be still alive, is by reason of age and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his lips because he can not come at them." We of course do not believe that the present amiable Pope would say to any peaceable pilgrims, "You will never mend till more of you be burnt." Pope Pius IX., we are sure, would not harm a fly, unless it happened to alight without orders upon the walls of the Vatican; and then he would only scare him off with the feather-brush of excommunication, which would not hurt the fly.

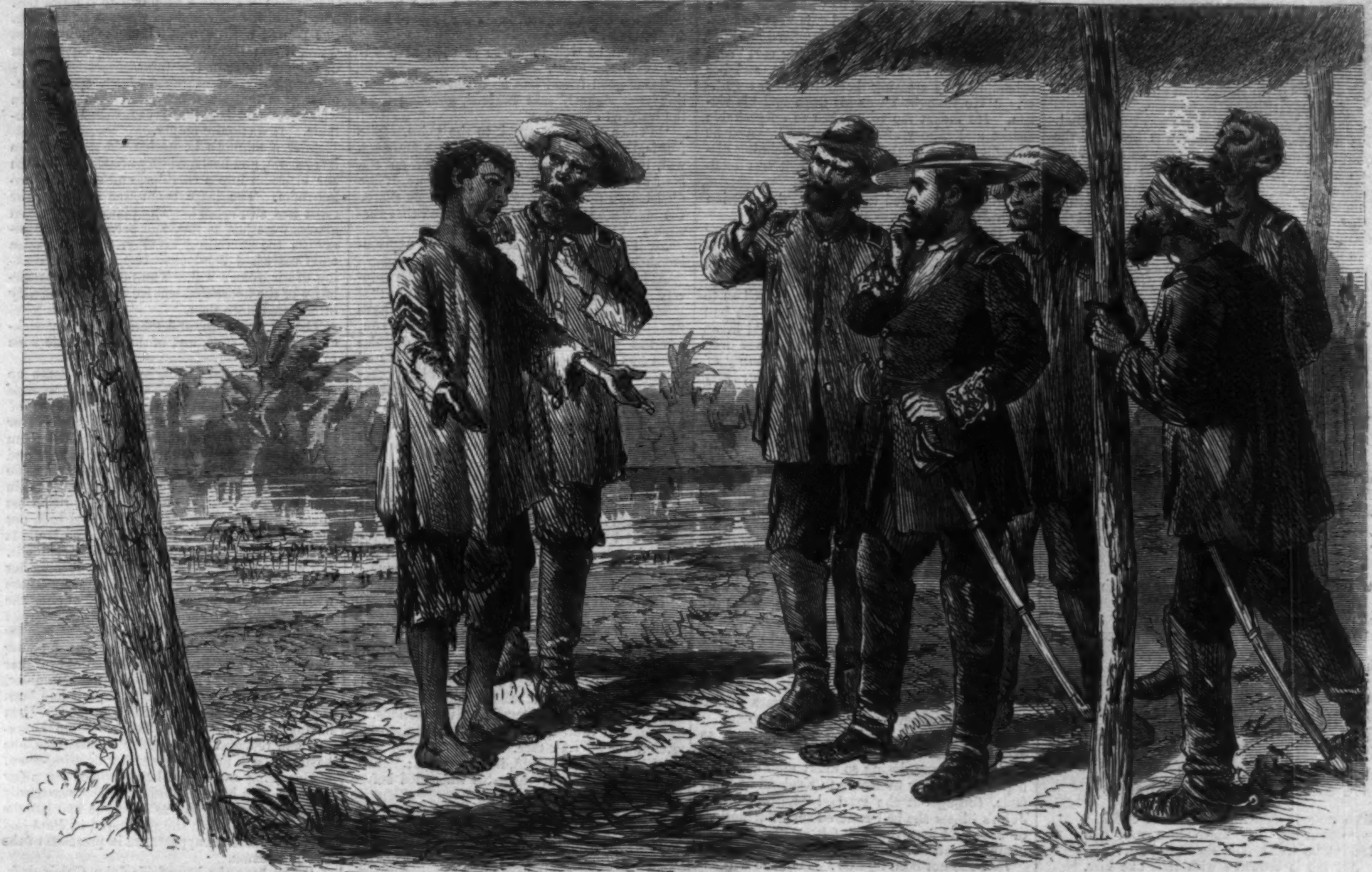
There is a story that some Pope once sent out a Bull to stop a comet. We do not learn that the comet was particularly troubled, but kept on just as before. "Heretics," "schismatics," and



PIUS THE NINTH.



CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AND THE VATICAN.



THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—THE SERGEANT'S STORY.—[From a Sketch by General M'Mahon.]

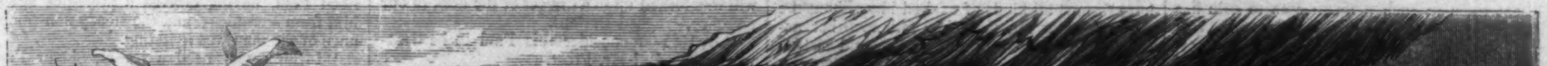
the like, we imagine will be quite as little disturbed by this Bull. There was a time when papal Bulls had very sharp horns, with which they could gore even kings and emperors—and, in fact, it was quite well in those days that such should be the case. But this poor Bull, turned loose three months ago, is a beast of a different sort. We assure all good people that he is quite harmless. By all means let him run through all the streets and roads of Christendom. It is not worth while even to drive him to the pound.

Meanwhile it is worth asking: Are Popes as well as Bourbons incapable of forgetting or learning any thing?

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

In the February Number of *Harper's Magazine* General M'Mahon, our late Minister to Paraguay, gives a very interesting statement as to the causes of the war made upon that country by the Allies, and also as to the principles upon which the war has been conducted. He shows very clearly that, whatever we may think of President Lopez, the people of Paraguay have displayed the most remarkable heroism in the defense of their country against the monstrous designs of her enemies, and that they have maintained their enthusiasm to the very last, suffering unusual privations and immense loss of life on the battle-field, while witnessing the desolation of their homes and the devastation of their property by the invaders. We must refer our readers to this interesting paper for a detailed statement of the grievances of ill-fated Paraguay. In the mean while we give on this page two illustrations of the war, from sketches furnished by General M'Mahon.

President Lopez's head-quarters, as seen in one of these illustrations, were situated—when the sketch was made—six miles from Angostura, on the hill of Pikysyry. The buildings were of one story, thatched with straw, and arranged on three sides of a square, including an area of little more than an acre. The side nearest the river was occupied by Lopez. Under one of the sheds on this side were three large telescopes on tripods, through which, all day long, observations were taken of the enemy's movements, by aids, who reported from time to time to the President. These officers, when not engaged in their military duties, would amuse themselves by pitching coins. Their uniform consisted of a red flannel blouse, or a finer garment of dark blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with black or red, with pantaloons of blue or red cloth, and fatigue cap of the French model, with the gold-lace indica-



THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—HEAD-QUARTERS OF PRESIDENT LOPEZ.—[From a Sketch by General M'Mahon.]

tions of rank. The head-quarters formed the centre of the Paraguayan position, and were intrenched on three sides, at a distance of about half a mile. This position was captured by the Allies, after a severe conflict, on the 27th of December, 1868; but LOPEZ had already retired to Cerro Leon, farther in the interior.

Shortly afterward Angostura was surrendered. But at Cerro Leon nothing was heard of the event until the evening of the day subsequent to its occurrence. Then there came to LOPEZ's camp a boy-sergeant of fourteen years, dripping from the swamps, through which, for nearly thirty hours, he had swum and waded, and he told the humiliating story—how gun-boats had been sent with flags of truce and plausible messages from the allied chiefs; how Paraguayan deserters had misinformed the principal officers of the batteries, telling the old story, since periodically repeated, that LOPEZ was trying to escape to Bolivia; how at last the whole garrison, more than 2000, were marched out of their works, and suddenly ordered to stack arms in the hated presence of the enemy; and how he, with many others, scorning the surrender, betook himself to the swamps, and rested not until he stood before his chief. All this he told with streaming tears and voice almost choked with sobs.

With the fall of Angostura the river La Plata was lost to Paraguay; and not long afterward the abandoned capital, Asuncion, fell into the hands of the Allies.

WON.

IF I could breathe my heart in speech,
It would, indeed, be all of you;
But all unworthy—for to reach
Your worth were more than words could do.

I love you. Let that one word be,
I can not strengthen it by more;
And yet I mean as much as he
Who lisps endearments by the score.

Those sweet eyes droop. Oh, Heaven! I hold
Your hand in mine. Can this, too, be
A dream, or am I overbold
In drawing you thus close to me?

E'en now I wake not; and this cheek
So near my lip. Love, love, may this
Indeed be true! Oh, do not speak!
My life is crowned with that one kiss.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT SAYS THE LAW?

MR. FROST's cross-examination elicited more truth from Veronica than she had intended to tell, or than she was aware she had told. She had meant, indeed, to narrate the main facts of her case as they were; but at the same time to present them in such a manner as to gain her hearer's sympathies wholly for herself. She could not have spoken to the raggedest lazarone without trying to make an effect; only in different cases she adopted different means for the attainment of the same end.

Mr. Frost read her like a book. For Mr. Frost's clear judgment was not dazzled by the glamour of her beauty. He was infatuatedly in love with another woman. He thought Georgina far handsomer and more stately than this girl. And how superbly indifferent she was to his feelings! He knew that her heart was as hard as the nether millstone. But he had taken the first downward step in his life to win her.

When a man like Mr. Frost has done so much to gain any object, he does not easily cease to prize it. That would be to acknowledge his whole life a failure; and Mr. Frost hated failure, and, more deeply still, he hated the *acknowledgment* of failure.

The natural bias of his mind being toward hard judgments, and his professional experience having taught him to expect evil, he had at first been more than half inclined to suspect Veronica of having known all along that Sir John was a married man, and of having been an accomplice in the commission of bigamy. But at last he satisfied himself that she had been duped.

"But still I do not quite understand why he should have run that risk," said Mr. Frost, thoughtfully.

"He ran no risk. His doctors had told him that he could not live a month. And I—I—"

"You importuned him, I suppose?"

"I did not importune Sir John. I never importuned him. And as to our marriage—he was bound by the most solemn obligations to make me his wife."

"Obligations which he never could have looked upon as binding, in the least; since *he* knew, although you did not, that his real wife was living. No, no; the 'solemn obligations' had nothing to do with it."

"But I had threatened to leave him, unless he did me right and justice."

"No doubt he would not have liked that. His pride (to speak of no other feeling) would have sufficed to make that painful to him. But, excuse me, that threat would scarcely have had any influence so long as he thought it a vain one!"

"It was not a vain threat; and he knew it was not. I could have left him, and I would have done so. I should have appealed to my cousin, Prince Cesare, for assistance and protection."

"Ay, ay, *that*, indeed! Jealousy, and resentment, and bitterness, and envy of the folks who are going to live after he was dead! Yes; and then he secured peace and quietness for himself at the last, and prevented your leaving him."

"And he thought he was snaring me!" said Veronica, her breath coming quickly, and her splendid brows creasing themselves near together. "He thought I was his dupe and his victim. He meant me to awaken to unspeakable shame and misery after he was dead. And he thought he was preparing an overwhelming disappointment for Cesare, too! Oh, it was devilish!"

Mr. Frost declined to enter into the question of Sir John's devilry.

"It is one of the strangest stories altogether that ever came under my notice," said he. "And we lawyers, of course, come in the way of strange stories; or they come in ours."

Veronica had had much to learn as well as to narrate. It will be remembered that she had received no communication from her old home since her flight. And almost the bitterest drop in her cup was the discovery of the identity of Sir John's forsaken wife with Maud's aunt, Lady Tallis.

It was so intolerably galling to her to think that her story must now be known and canvassed by all the people she knew! Had Sir John left a lawful wife in Spain, or Algiers, or Australia, there might (or so Veronica fancied) have been some hope that the world she cared to shine in would never have been made acquainted with the real circumstances. By skillful management they might have been kept back. But now there was no hope of that. Lady Tallis had belonged to a well-known family. People like Miss Betsy Boyce, whose after-dinner gossip at Lowater now came back vividly to Veronica's mind, would recall all the old story and industriously piece it on to the new one. It would be the town talk! The thought was distracting. For in proportion as Veronica could never be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness, so was the idea that she must have spectators of her humiliation and misfortune intolerable to her.

Evil that could be hidden did not seem so evil to Veronica.

She had clung during so many months to the hope of some day returning to England as Lady Gale, throughout the gradual progress of Sir John's illness she had suffered such fluctuations of hope and fear, that she felt as though some compensation were due to her.

Had she not been injured? Had she not suffered? As to others—what had others done for her? The good people had drawn off from her. (And *were* they so much better than she was, pray?—except Maud? Maud was good! She understood now, how it was that Maud had seemed to desert her, and had never answered her letter. But then Maud was different from any one else. Her aunt must have prevented her from writing.) And as for the bad people, they had been desperately bad to her.

These thoughts passed through her brain as she sat with her hands clasped before her, leaning back in the easy-chair wherein Cesare's care had placed her. And she looked full of a noble melancholy, with her dark eyes fixed abstractedly on vacancy, and her rich lips apart.

If Mr. Frost had seen her portrait faithfully reproducing that look and attitude, he would have formed all kinds of exalted ideas about the original. But Mr. Frost had fathomed her nature, as he flattered himself. She could cast no sorcery over *him!* And yet—and yet it is certain that he would not have behaved to her quite in the same manner if she had been fat, or freckled, or had lost her front teeth.

"Veronica!" said Cesare, timidly entering the room, "you promised to send for me. It is so long ago. I have been so anxious. Let me stay with you. You see, Mr. Frost, how exhausted she is. Ought she not to take some rest?"

"I had been resting since two o'clock, until Mr. Frost came," she answered, languidly. "It is not bodily rest I want!"

"You understand, my friend," pursued Barletti, addressing Mr. Frost, "that I am Miladi Gale's nearest male relative in Italy; and that I am, therefore, the proper person to give her every assistance and protection in the position in which she is so unexpectedly placed."

"Oh, undoubtedly, prince. Ahem! Your cousin naturally looks on you as standing in the place of a brother to her."

The most subtle of mocking smiles lurked about the lines of Mr. Frost's mouth as he spoke.

Cesare, with a grave bow, accepted the position assigned to him by the Englishman's phrase: wholly unconscious of its irony. But Veronica answered at once with disdainful frankness:

"Not so, Mr. Frost. I do not look on Prince Cesare de' Barletti as a brother. My cousin he is truly, and as such I have a claim on his protection. But it will be as well for you to understand at once that he is, moreover, my promised husband; and that our interests are identical. It will, doubtless, not surprise *you* that I do not think it necessary to condescend to any hypocrisy of grief at my widowhood. The prince and I do not hesitate to repose full confidence in you as our legal adviser.

Cesare took her hand and kissed it gratefully, but he was a little startled, and one might almost say, shocked. Why be so outspoken? Of course Mr. Frost understood their real position. But, why speak of it? At such a moment it seemed almost indecorous. Of course she could not be supposed to mourn for Sir John Gale, but why not make-believe a little, if even only to the extent of saying nothing?

Mr. Frost looked at Veronica with a good deal of undisguised admiration, and no little secret surprise. She had more spirit and cleverness than he had supposed! He had not quite fathomed her character after all!

And Veronica was perfectly sensible of the impression she had made.

"I suppose," she said, after a little pause, "that the best thing will be for me to go to London at once?"

"It will be well to do so as soon as possible," said Mr. Frost.

"Our good friend has no doubt of your getting your rights?" said Barletti, glancing from the lawyer to Veronica.

"Prince, we must speak to the point. The fact is, that the legality of your cousin's marriage will, in my judgment, depend entirely on the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired. If she died before the ceremony at Naples took place, the marriage is good. If she survived that ceremony—even by five minutes—!"

Mr. Frost finished his sentence by an expressive shrug. There was a dead silence.

At length Cesare said, "But the will, the property; that will be my cousin's? It must be!"

Mr. Frost slowly shook his head. "I have not seen the documents, but neither have you, nor has your cousin. And I do not disguise from you that, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, I think it likely that Sir John made that will prior to the ceremony on board the *Furibond*, intending really to bequeath his property to his real—to his first—wife."

"It would be monstrous! Infamous! Unheard of!" exclaimed Barletti, in much excitement.

"He was capable of it," said Veronica. Then she turned sharply on Barletti.

"Did I not tell you? Did I not warn you last night? I told you that I was sure all was not clear—that he meant to fool and delude me!"

Cesare looked blankly from one to the other. "Then," said he, at length, "my cousin will have nothing? Absolutely nothing?"

"Gently, prince," replied Mr. Frost. "You go too fast. The whole matter turns upon the legality of your cousin's marriage. If that marriage were good, any will made previous to it is null and void—mere waste paper. Marriage vitiates any former testamentary dispositions."

Veronica drew a long breath, and raised her eyes to the lawyer's face.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a low voice; "then, if she—that woman—his—his wife, died before the hour of my marriage—?"

"In that case your marriage was legal; Sir John must be held to have died intestate; and you, as his widow (there being no child to inherit), will take your legal share of the personal property. No inconsiderable fortune, I apprehend."

"But," persisted Cesare, who could not relinquish the idea that Sir John had meant to make some kind of restitution, and to whom the idea of a dying man doing deliberate evil was horrible: "but I think he did mean to leave Veronica the money!"

"You think! Bah! You are mad!" cried Veronica, in a tone of exquisite irritation, throwing herself into a chair. She had been pacing up and down. Her face was worn and haggard, her eyes were swollen, her hands fevered.

"The only way to decide the question," said Mr. Frost, "would be to see the will. Who has the custody of it?"

"Paul—the valet I spoke of—has the keys of his master's desk in his own possession. The will was locked up in a drawer of the desk in our presence," replied Barletti.

"Ay! You consider this Paul to be trustworthy?" asked Mr. Frost.

"I will tell you what I think would be the best thing," said Cesare. "If Mr. Frost would undertake to see us remove the document from the place where it was put last night, and examine it, and then seal it up, and keep it in his own possession, until we go to England; that would be quite satisfactory."

Mr. Frost had no objection to do so, and at Barletti's request rang the bell to summon Paul.

"Cesare," whispered Veronica, as the lawyer turned to the other side of the room to reach the bell, "I need not—it will not be necessary for me—I—I *can not* go in there!"

"My Treasure, I think it would be best if you could stand at the door for a moment even! It will be but for a moment."

Barletti did not know but that the omission of some trifling precaution might imperil the possession of the property. He had a vague idea that the law was a ticklish and complicated machine, something like a conjuror's paraphernalia, in the handling of which great nicety and cunning were required, lest by the touching of a wrong spring, or the non-touching of a right one, the instrument should go wrong, and produce quite unexpected results. He really had faith in the justice of Veronica's cause, and deemed that it would be a crying shame to deprive her of the money that he persisted in believing had been bequeathed to her.

But none the more for that faith would he have neglected any wile that the wiliest lawyer could have suggested to him.

Blunt-fingered Honesty will never pull the yards of ribbon out of the conjuror's box. That is not blunt-fingered Honesty's business.

The servant who answered the bell was told to send Paul to the boudoir immediately.

"Wait for me an instant," said Veronica to Frost and Barletti. "I—I will come."

She took a lamp from the table, and went into her dressing-room, shutting the door behind her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILL.

ON the toilet-table in the dressing-room stood a large dressing-case. It was open, so as to display ostentatiously its rich gold fittings and violet velvet lining.

Veronica selected one of the crystal bottles it contained, and turned its contents into a drinking-goblet; but only a drop or two dripped out. The liquid it had contained was eau de cologne. She poured a little water into the goblet, and drank it off; but there was scarcely enough eau de cologne to flavor the water.

Impatiently she searched about, opening another case that stood near, and then shaking a wicker-covered flask that lay uncorked on a side-table. It was quite empty.

After a minute's hesitation she took up the lamp again, and hastened very noiselessly through her bedroom into a corridor, and so to the dining-room. The large room was empty. The cloth was still spread. The plates, dishes, and glasses were just as they had been left after dinner on the preceding evening, when Veronica and Cesare had dined tête-à-tête, before the making of Sir John's will. The machine-like regularity of the household service had been terribly interrupted since then.

The air was close, and there was a faint sickening smell of fruit, and of the lees of stale wine in the room.

Veronica peered about, holding her lamp up so as to throw its light here and there in the great shadowy space, and moving with a kind of stealthy hurry. On the side-board stood a row of bottles and decanters. She examined them one by one. They were mostly uncorked, and some were nearly empty. On the ground beside the side-board was a large plated ice-pail, and in it was a small bottle of Champagne. She set down her lamp, knelt on the floor, and took out the bottle all dripping from the melted ice. It was corked, and she had no means of opening it. For a moment she listened intently, turning her head toward the main door of the saloon. There was no sound to be heard. Then all at once she rose, seized a tumbler from the table, and broke off the neck of the bottle by striking it sharply across the rim of the ice-pail. The foaming wine poured out over the floor, and over her hands, and some of it half filled the tumbler. She drank it desperately, as though it had been some draught on which her life depended. Then having thrown the broken flask back into the ice-pail and replaced the tumbler on the table, she hastened back breathlessly to her dressing-room.

Her going and return had occupied but a few minutes. In her confused haste she was hardly conscious how long it was since she had left the boudoir. But when she re-entered it, Paul had only just made his appearance in presence of the two gentlemen.

"You have the key of Sir John Gale's desk, Paul, have you not?" said Barletti.

"Of the desk that stands in his bedchamber? Yes, Signor Principe."

"We wish to open it to take out the testament which your master read to us last night, and which you signed."

Paul very quietly raised his left hand, and put the thumb and forefinger of it into his waistcoat pocket. Having done so he made no further movement, but stood looking gravely and silently at Barletti.

"Well," said the latter, impatiently, "where is the key?"

"It is here, illustrissimo," said Paul, very respectfully, but still not attempting to produce the key.

Barletti colored with anger. He had never liked Paul, having derived a prejudice against him from Veronica; and the steady non-compliance of the man was irritating.

"I think you need a lesson, Signor Paolo Paoli," said Barletti, haughtily; "you do not quite understand your position in this household. I recommend you to give up the key at once, and to refrain from any attempt at insolence."

"Insolence, Signor Principe!" exclaimed Paul, genuinely shocked at the accusation. "Pardon, illustrissimo, I never was insolent in my life. I know my duty to my superiors. But—"

"The man has some scruple, some hesitation, in giving up the key; is that it?" asked Mr. Frost, who had been watching both the interlocutors attentively.

"Yes, Sir," replied Paul immediately, in English. "I have a scruple. I humbly demand the pardon of Prince Cesare; but you see, Sir, I was always a faithful domestic of Sir John Gale. And Sir John Gale left me, as I may say, in charge of many things. Now, Prince Cesare demands to have my master's will. Prince Cesare" (Paul made a deferential bow in Barletti's direction every time he mentioned his name) "was doubtless a respected friend of my master; but not a brother, not a cousin, not a nephew, not any relative at all, of my master."

"No; that is quite true, Paul," said Mr. Frost, gently nodding his head.

"Well then, Sir; you see, how can I give up my master's testament to one who has no right—you see, Sir?"

"Paul's new-born nicety of scrupulous honor would be diverting, if it were not impertinent," said Veronica. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were flushed, her face had lost its dragged and weary lines.

Paul did not look at her, but he made a little deprecating gesture with his head and shoulders, and stood there with the mild, melancholy obstinacy of a dumb beast.

"Pardon me," Mr. Frost put in. "Allow me one moment. I must say that I respect our friend Paul's scruples. But, Paul, a proper and fit person to have possession of Sir John Gale's will is his widow; is it not?"

"His—widow, Sir?"

"This lady, Lady Gale. It is on her behalf that we wish to see the will. You know the contents of it, do you not?"

"Not altogether, Sir. I was at the other end of the bedchamber when Sir John was speaking to miladi and the Signor Principe, and Sir John's voice was very low; very low indeed, Sir."

"But you had previously signed the will as a witness, I am told."

"Yes, Sir, I was witness; but my master did not inform me what was in the will."

"And was there no other witness but yourself?"

"There was yet another, Sir. Sir John did not like that any of his own servants should be witness, so he told me to get a loyal person to sign the testament. Sir John wished he should be English, that other person. So I found a man who had brought horses here for a gentleman; and this man was going back to England; and before he went, I asked him one evening to supper with me, and then Sir John signed the testament, and I signed it, and the other witness signed it. The man can be found, Sir. Sir John made him leave his name and address in my care, and I have them."

Every word that Paul uttered fed Veronica's rising indignation.

Barletti understood very little of what was being said; but he watched Veronica's face, and reflected its expression unconsciously.

"Ha! Yes, yes; very systematic," muttered Mr. Frost. Then he asked aloud, "How long is this ago, Paul?"

"About a fortnight ago, Sir. The Signor Principe may remember the date. It was three days after the morning when I saw him and miladi in the Villa Reale."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Frost. "That's decisive. A fortnight ago. There *may*, however, be a codicil added later."

Veronica's mind was less impressed by this fact than by the other one admitted by Paul, that he had watched her and Barletti in the Villa Reale.

"You have the audacity to confess—" she broke out in high excitement. But Mr. Frost stopped her.

"Pray, Madam," he said, gravely, "do not let us allow anger to enter into our discussion of this matter."

There was a short silence.

At length Paul said, bluntly, addressing Mr. Frost: "Were you a friend of my master's, Sir? Did you know him well?"

"I am an English lawyer, Paul. My name is Frost. You have heard my name mentioned here. You have, eh? Well, I am that same Mr. Frost. I did not know Sir John Gale personally; but you may be sure that in allowing your master's will to be inspected in my presence you are running no risk of failing in your duty."

Paul looked somewhat reassured, though he still hesitated. "May I say one word to you, Sir?" he whispered.

Mr. Frost stepped with him outside the door, which Paul closed and held in his hand while he spoke.

"Sir," said he, "she is not his wife. You see, I knew it all along, but it was not for me to interfere. How could I? I am but a domestic. But the parents—the relations, I mean—of Sir John in England will know very well who has a right to the property. I say nothing against miladi, but the truth is, that Sir John was angry with her for some time before he died. Now why does she want the will, Sir? If there is any thing left to her in it she will get it safely by the law."

Paul emphasized his speech by a prolonged and grave shaking of his head from side to side.

"Paul," said Mr. Frost, after a moment's deliberation, "miladi, as you call her, *was* married to Sir John Gale." Then he told him in a few words when and where the ceremony had been performed.

Paul remembered the expedition to the ship of war, and how ill and exhausted his master had been after it. He was much astonished by Mr. Frost's statement, and reiterated his assertion that Sir John had been very angry with "miladi" before he died. How was it then that he had made her his wife at the eleventh hour?

It appeared clear to Mr. Frost that Paul had no suspicion of the existence of a former wife, or of any fraudulent intention on the part of his late master.

"At all events I suppose you believe my word, do you not?" said Mr. Frost. "The marriage on board the man-of-war I have reason to be sure did take place."

"Oh, no doubt, Sir!"

"And remember, Paul, although I perfectly appreciate your fidelity to the interests of your late master, that you have no conceivable right to retain possession of that key when Lady Gale bids you give it up."

"I am sure, Sir, I desire nothing but to do my duty. Sir John was hard in some things, but he has done a great deal for me. He took me from being a courier to be his valet; and he gave me a liberal salary, Sir, and I have been able from my sparings to do well for my family. I could not go against my duty to Sir John, Sir!"

There was absolutely a quiver of emotion in Paul's well-regulated voice as he spoke. He was so fond of his boys in the Piedmontese hills, that Sir John, from constant connection with them in his mind, had attracted some soft sentiments of Paul's to his own share. And besides: under the little man's grave imperturbability there was quite a feminine power of becoming attached to that which needed him, in proportion as it was unattractive to the rest of the world. He had often told himself that if he were to leave Sir John, the latter would never get any one to serve him so well. For Sir John was a terribly hard gentleman, to say truth! During Sir John's lifetime Paul had occasionally come nigh to finding him intolerable. But now that he was dead, the man actually missed and mourned for his daily plague.

"Have you succeeded in making my servant understand that he will have to obey me, Mr. Frost?" asked Veronica, when the two men re-opened the door of the boudoir.

"Paul quite understands," said Mr. Frost, quietly.

Barletti looked angry, but he gave his arm to Veronica without making any remark, and they all descended the stairs to the ground-floor, on which Sir John's bedroom was situated.

"Go on, Paul, and open the door," said Mr. Frost. Then, as the servant obeyed him, he fell back a step or two, and said in a low voice to Barletti and Veronica: "If you will take my advice you will conciliate Paul. He is honest, I think. And it might come to pass that you would be glad to have him on your side."

"Conciliate him!" echoed Veronica, with a frown and a cruel compression of her red lips. "I would turn him into the street this moment. He should not be another night beneath this roof if I could have my way."

"Cara mia! Per pietà! Be reasonable!" whispered Barletti, on whom the lawyer's warning produced a strong effect.

Paul unlocked the door of the dead man's chamber, and, holding a lamp high above his head, stood aside just within the threshold to let the others pass. All traces of disorder had been removed from the room. It was dim and still. The one oil lamp that burned there threw deep shadows on the walls, and faintly illumined the objects that immediately surrounded its pale flame. The floor was covered with a thick carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Gleams of gold shone out mysteriously here and there; and a soft glow of ruby velvet from the furniture and hangings made itself seen in the dimness, where some salient fold caught the light. At one end of the room was a large swing glass that reflected the blinking lamp and the rich dark curtains touched here and there with light, and the bed with its vague, ghastly burden covered with a large white sheet.

Veronica, when her eyes encountered this object in the glass, stopped, shuddering, and clung to Barletti's arm. He, too, was not unmoved by the scene, and he pressed her hand silently.

"No one watches here?" said Mr. Frost, in a subdued voice, which yet seemed to startle the solemn silence.

"No one, Sir. But I have the key of the chamber. And, as for that, not one of the domestics would venture to come here now if the room was all unguarded and unreckoned gold was scattered on the floor."

In silence they proceeded to open the desk—Mr. Frost holding the light while Paul unlocked it, opened an inner drawer, and took out a small, folded paper.

"You recognize this as being the paper which your master told you was his will, and made you sign? And you see that, as far as you can tell, it has been quite undisturbed since you put it there, by his command, last night?"

"Yes, Sir?"

"And you, prince?" asked Mr. Frost, handing the will to Barletti.

The latter bent forward and examined it, without touching it. Veronica barely glanced at it for a moment, and then her gaze returned to that white, ghastly picture in the mirror, which seemed to fascinate her.

"I believe it to be the same paper which he had in his hand last night," said Barletti, speaking scarcely above his breath.

Mr. Frost unfolded the will and read it silently.

It bore date the seventeenth of February, and was expressed in short and clear sentences. It bequeathed the whole of Sir John Tallis Gale's personal property absolutely to his "beloved wife" during her lifetime; and, in case of her death before the death of the testator, to her only surviving niece, Maud Hilda Desmond. There was no subsequent codicil, and no mention of any one else, save a legacy of two thousand pounds to Mr. Adam Lane, Sir John's agent, who was also appointed sole executor.

"What does it say?" whispered Barletti.

"What it says is of less consequence than the date it bears. If your cousin's marriage was a good one, this will is mere waste paper."

Then, turning to Paul, Mr. Frost added: "In accordance with Lady Gale's desire, I shall by-and-by, in your presence, seal up this document, and retain it in my possession until we all arrive in England. You understand that I am responsible for its safety until then."

Paul answered, after a little grave deliberation: "Of course, Sir, I desire to do my duty to Sir John. I hope you will not take it *per male*—that you will not be offended—if I say that I shall write to Mr. Lane, the agent of Sir John. I do not know any of my master's family; but I shall tell Mr. Lane that I am ready to bear testimony if I am needed."

"That is quite right, Paul," answered Mr. Frost, a little stiffly. "You may be sure that every thing will be done in a proper manner."

Then Paul proceeded to replace the empty drawer, and to re-lock the desk; and, as he did so, making no sound in the process, the others stood by in profound silence. It was a silence truly of death. Death was there in a tangible shape beneath the cold white linen that was slightly raised, with an outline at once terribly unmistakable and terribly indistinct.

Veronica had not dared to look directly at the bed, but she continued to stare at its image in the glass. All her old horror and dread of death seemed to be stealing over her. The factitious excitement which had given her courage to enter the room was fading fast. Her head throbbed, and her eyes were hot, and she felt dizzy. The impression of the awful scene during Sir John's last moments seemed to come back to her with the sickening terror of a bad dream.

In coming away from the desk Paul accidentally gave a slight touch to the great glass, and it instantly swung to a different angle—making one who looked into it giddy with a sudden vague sense of insecurity.

As the mirror swung slowly down, it seemed to Veronica's eyes as though the white form on the bed were stirring and rising.

"He moves, he moves! he is not dead, he is moving!" she cried. And with a stifled shriek that died in her throat, she burst from Cesare, who was scarcely less horror-stricken than herself, and rushed into the corridor, where, after a few paces, she fell down heavily in a swoon.

ABOUT CATS.

The cat is such a universal animal that perhaps a few rambling remarks about "Pussy" may not be out of place. We should like to know why cats are as much underrated as they usually are. The dog is a companion of man, but not much more so than the cat; and yet, while every body is fond of his dog, and is ready with anecdotes to show Pompey's intelligence, how many have a good word for the poor cat? Now this is hardly fair: the cat is as affectionate in her way as the dog, and, to our thinking, her liking for man and her confidence in him are more wonderful, and deserve more to be encouraged than the same qualities in the dog, for they come naturally to him and not to her. A cat is originally so timid and jealous, that it has first to overcome its natural instinct to fly from man; while the dog can not help seeking him, and loving him as a friend and companion. Don't think, reader, that we dislike or despise dogs; our poor old blinking Scotch terrier knows better. But we are just now bent on doing a little justice to cats. Why, the poor things have not even individualizing names! They are all called "Puss." Here and there, we admit, there is a Dick or a Peter, and they are spoken of as "Toms;" but as a rule they are called Puss. Perhaps they don't know that ingenuity has been exhausted to find fresh and attractive names for dogs, and they would naturally feel aggrieved if they did; and what makes it still more unfair is, that as far as they are concerned they would be happy to answer to any other names if they had a chance.

French cats are not called Puss, they are commonly called "Minnie;" and it is related of a late eminent English prelate that, while staying at a French hotel, he had tried to coax a cat to him by calling "Puss! Puss!" as he had been used. He was informed that he must call "Minnie;" he did so, and the cat came at once, extorting from the bishop an exclamation of surprise at even the very cats understanding French.

All sorts of things are said about cats. Even Shakspeare, who ought to have known better, repeats the proverb which says they are afraid to wet their feet; but it is not true. A cat probably does not like to wet its paws; but if any end is to be compassed, she will do it readily enough. We knew a cat who would sit for hours together on the cold stones, exposed to the occasional dripping of the old-fashioned water-butt, because a rat's paw happened to be protruded every now and then from a hole in the sink close by.

Cats are uncommonly sagacious, and they seem at times to reason from cause to effect. We remember one Tom-cat, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, and consequently a great pet, who took objection to his mistress's working so much with her needle; having doubtless observed that when she was so employed no notice was taken of him. He accordingly hit upon the plan of stealing her housewife, and hiding it under the carpet; and this practice he continued steadily until he was one day summarily chastised. We have known several cats which had taught themselves to open doors fastened by a latch—a feat which would certainly be thought clever in a dog. Sometimes, we admit, Pussy steals; but then she is so ingenious about it that she ought to be forgiven. One cat, we remember, was very fond of eggs, and having noticed how they were broken, used to mount the dresser, and push with her paws till she got one out of the basket in which they were kept; she would then roll it off the dresser on to the floor, when of course it cracked, and she could leisurely devour it. She gave great uneasiness to the servants until her sagacity was discovered, as no one could account for the mysterious disappearance of the eggs.

It is often said, to show how inferior one creature is to the other, that you can not get a cat to follow you like a dog. Well, as we before observed, their natures are different; but a great deal can be effected by kindness in this respect. A young lady, who lived in a very retired part of the country, used, when at home for her holidays, to walk to the village post-office for the letters. At such times her cortége consisted of two dogs and three favorite cats, and these would accompany her across the fields all the way to the village, a distance of more than two miles. Again, some people declare that cats have only local, not personal, attachments. It is said, for instance, that they will not remove with a family to a new house; but this notion most of my readers can contradict for themselves. Probably the idea derived its chief support from the remarkable power cats have of finding their way to their old homes; which power every one who has tried to "lose" a cat must have discovered. A certain gentleman once owned a favorite black cat, which became afflicted with the mange; and having made up his mind to drown it—(he would not trust any one else with the office of executioner but himself)—inclosed poor Peter in a bag with several heavy stones, and carried him to a deep stream at a considerable distance, and threw him in. To his master's horror, puss burst the bag in his struggles, and swimming to the steep bank crept into a drain which discharged itself into the stream. His master went home, much grieved to think what hardships his favorite might suffer; but about six hours after, as he was leaving the house, he felt something rub against his legs, and, looking down, he beheld poor Peter! How the cat had found its way back no one could guess.

With kindly usage, cats will live a long time. We have known a stray cat live eighteen years in the house to which she attached herself; but what her age was when she came there no one knew. White cats have the peculiarity of being always deaf. This is strange but true—indeed, it is a rule with scarcely an exception. We once saw a white cat which was only "hard of hearing," but she was considered a curiosity.

And now, let us beg our young readers never to ill-treat or make furious a cat, both for the cat's sake and for their own. From what cause it is so we know not, but the bite or scratch of a cat is exceedingly dangerous, and very difficult to heal. One man who was bitten and clawed by a cat had every separate laceration, as he thought, cauterized; but he had omitted one, scarcely visible, on his wrist, and when last we heard of him his arm, from this trivial injury, had swollen to double its size right up to the shoulder, and was so fearfully inflamed that the worst consequences were to be feared. Almost any neighborhood will supply similar instances, and a cat given to biting and scratching should always be destroyed.

Below stairs the cat is invaluable, not only for the rats and mice that she devours, but also for the sake of the servants. Indeed her back is broad enough to bear all that is put upon it; and we all know that whenever any thing is missed or broken, and the question comes to be asked who took it, or who broke it, the ready answer is, invariably, "The cat did it!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Muggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol*-era," gasped Muggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

OLD RHYMES REWRITTEN.

LADS AND LASSES.

Boys and girls now never play,
That all belongs to another day.
They flirt and quiz and go to the ball,
Or lounge in opera-box or stall.
They mount the ladder, and think it fine
With all the big quality-folks to dine.

BELLE BELL.

Poor Miss Bell
Is not very well.
What makes her so?
A runaway beau—
Was not he a naughty man
His heels to show?

TO A SHAREHOLDER OF THE ——.

Goosey goosey Gander,
What'll he do, I wonder,
Up shares, down shares,
Not a bit of candor.
Catch me the director
Who ruined his affairs;
If not the right leg
Seize on the left leg,
Poor shareholder has nothing left
But toils, trials, and cares.

DEDICATED TO THE WEAKNESS OF THE FORCE.

Constable Horner
Hid in a corner,
Acting as Christmas spy;
He smiled on the cook,
And his dinner he took,
Saying, "What a p'liceman am I!"

"Is your master at home?" "No, Sir; he's out." "Mistress at home?" "No, Sir; *she's* out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too."

A minister traveling along a Texas road met a stranger driving his wagon, which was drawn by four oxen. As the minister approached, he heard the driver say: "Get up, Presbyterian! Gee, Campbellite! Haw, Baptist! What are you doing, Methodist?" The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked; "Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they have such names given to them?" The driver replied: "I call that lead-ox in front Presbyterian because he is true blue, and never fails. He believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end; and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go on his way, until he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey had ended. This off-ox is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water, but is constantly looking on one side and then on the other, and at every thing that comes near him. The other, which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and a great ado, and you would think he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound."

A WIDOW "YOUNG IN HER WEEDS."

Her shawl was as sable as night,
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels, that flashed in the night,
Were black as a funeral pall.
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!),
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over the billows of crape.
I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Entirely regardless of cost.

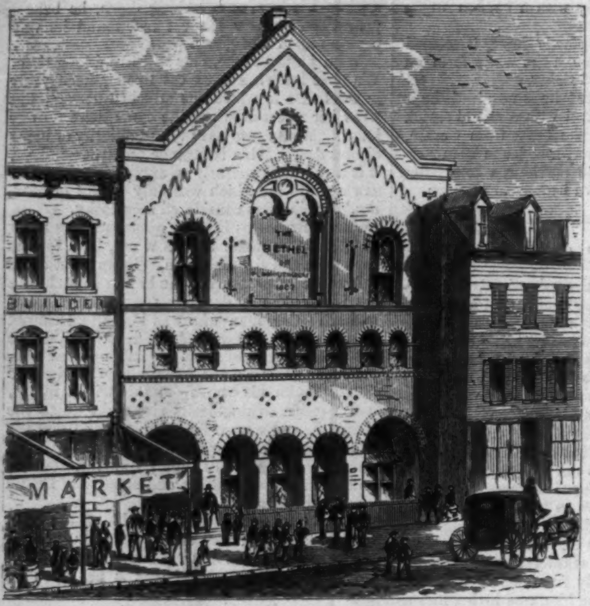
Sentimental.—"I am, indeed, very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty young girl, during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed the despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

Recently a rector of a parish in Toledo, Ohio, in catechising his Sunday-school, asked: "Where did the wise men come from?" Without a moment's hesitation the answer came from a little five-year-old: "*From Boston!*" The father and mother of the little catechumen are natives of the Bay State.

Hair-Oil for Horses.—The following recipe for making hair-oil for horses is "going the rounds:"

R. (take.) Brushus et curricombus—ad libitum; elbow grasus—quantum sufficius; blanketisus—first ratus; stablus (in winter)—warmus; fodderus—never say dietus, but mealus et oatus; exercisus—non compromisus. The effect will be: coatus shinus; appetitus wolfitus; muscularitus, two-forty-itus.

A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. "What!" said a sneering bachelor, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" The only reply was: "Friend, when thee be married thee'll know."



THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.

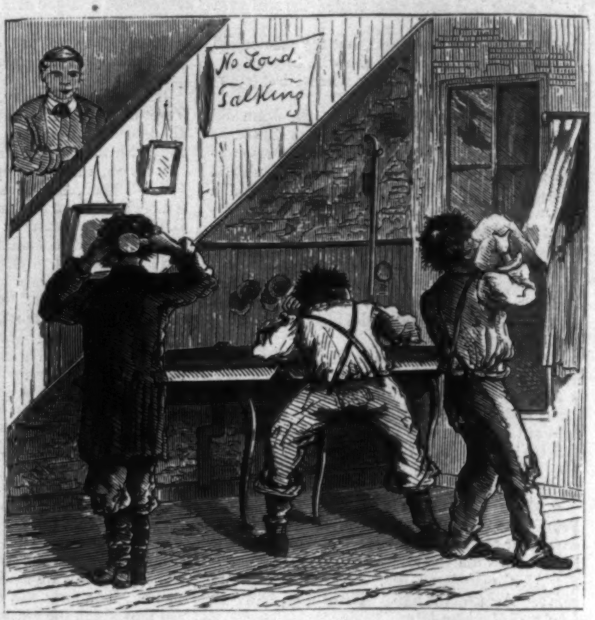
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.

As every one of the many thousands of castaways and criminals that infest our streets and burden society was once an innocent boy or girl whom Christian kindness and proper training might have saved from ruin, such an institution as the Brooklyn Bethel should be regarded as one of the most beneficent and important of Christian charities. It is founded on the sound principle that prevention is better than cure; and though it has been in existence but a few years, it has already more than fulfilled the expectations of those who have established and sustained it.

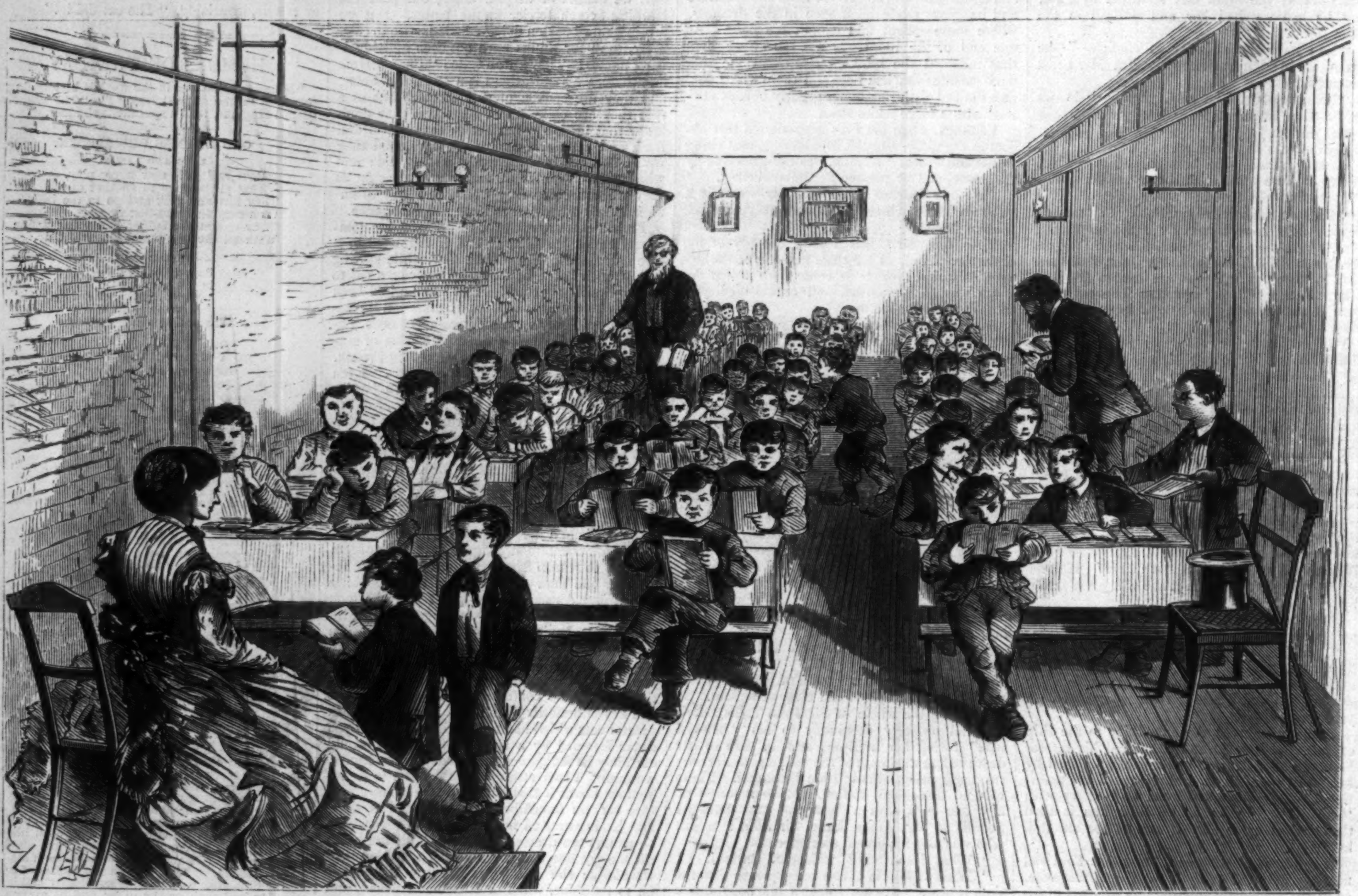
Originally started as a mission Sunday-school, for the benefit of the children of the very poor, it soon assumed larger proportions, chiefly under the generous patronage of Plymouth Church, and now, as shown by the illustrations on this page, possesses a handsome and attractive building, with well-furnished reading-rooms, library, etc., where the children of the poor can assemble every night in the week for instruction and innocent amusement. The founders of the Bethel wisely aim to make the institution attractive. All the rooms present a cheerful appearance, are furnished with an eye to comfort and taste, the walls hung with pictures, and the library and reading-room supplied with papers, magazines, and books especially adapted to the wants of working people.

The Bethel was popular from the start. Every night the reading-rooms are filled with men and boys; and the evening classes for study are so crowded that numbers are turned away from want of room to seat them. It is especially popular with boys. Every evening, for half an hour before the time of opening, the doors are besieged by an army of eager and impatient urchins clamorous for admission. On entering, they are first conducted to the wash-room, where plentiful supplies of water, soap, and towels are provided, and each one is compelled to make himself fairly presentable before being admitted to the other rooms. Boys who never washed before now scrub themselves vigorously every evening, and, besides learning the lesson which is next to godliness, many of them become very fastidious in the use of comb and brush. From the wash-room they disperse—some to the reading-room, some to the checker-room, some to the evening classes. The average attendance is nearly three hundred; and it is noticed that those who come once rarely fail to attend several times a week; and many never miss an evening.

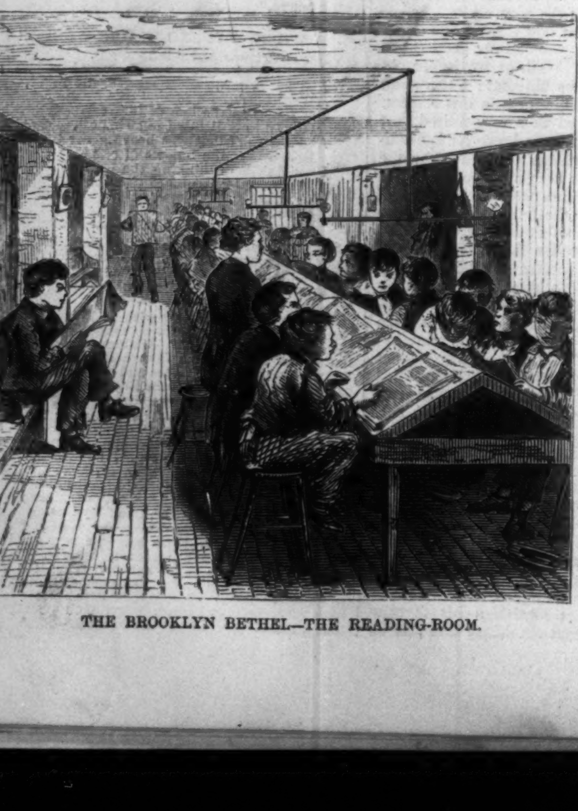
During the winter season a series of popular entertainments is given at the Bethel. The programme comprises concerts, lectures, readings, exhibitions, etc. The concerts and stereopticon exhibitions have always been largely attended; but the lectures have been less popular. A small entrance fee to these entertainments is charged, but every thing else is free. A large Sunday-school is connected with the Bethel, with a membership of nearly nine hundred boys and girls. Besides a large force of teachers, the Bethel employs a regular missionary to visit the parents of these children and render assistance in cases of



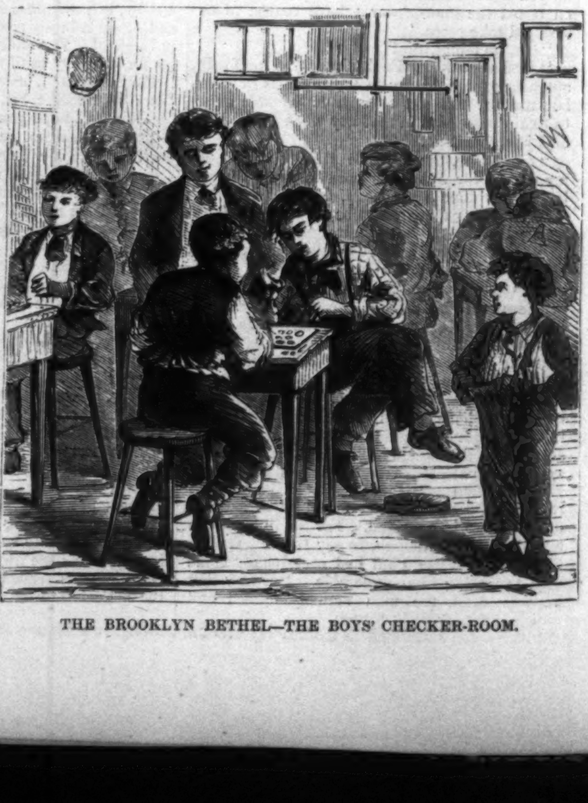
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE WASH-ROOM.



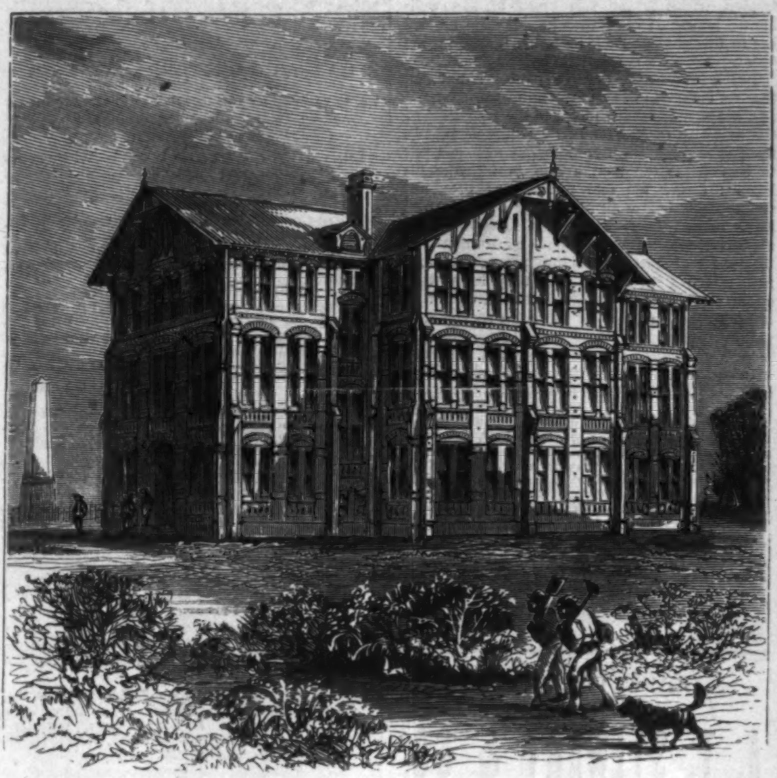
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



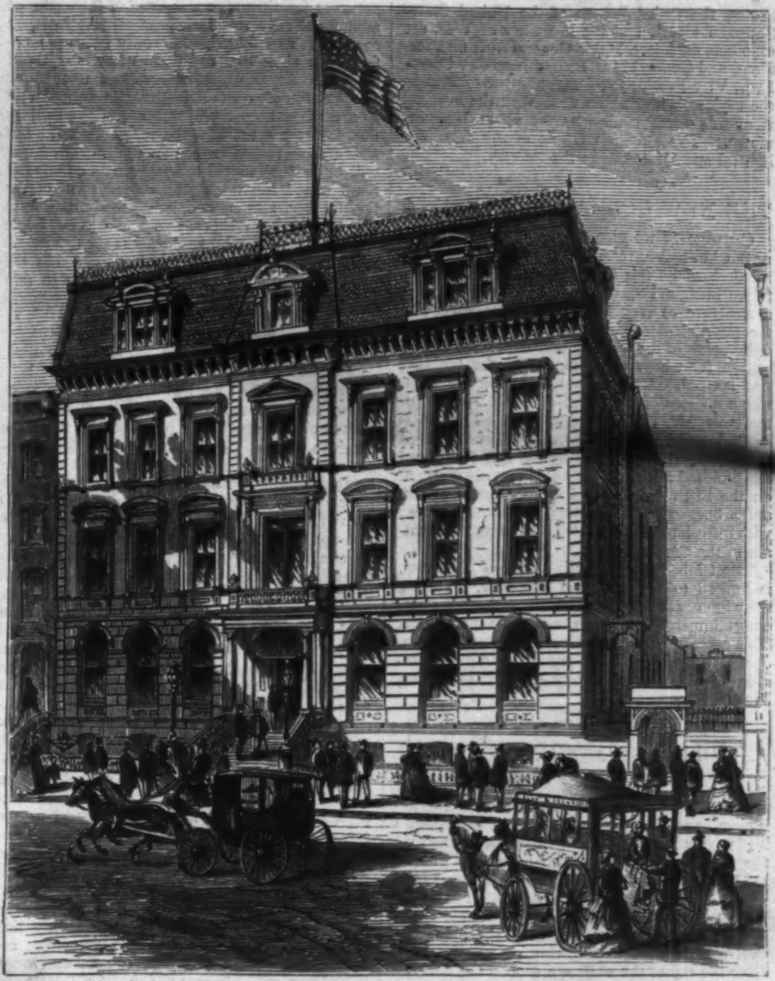
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE READING-ROOM.



THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE BOYS' CHECKER-ROOM.



NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.



THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE IN FORTY-SECOND STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD. [SEE PAGE 78.]

sickness and destitution. In this way many families are brought under good influences, and parents as well as children are saved from ruin. It would be well for New York if institutions like the Brooklyn Bethel were established in every part of the city populated by the poorer classes. The working-people appreciate such attempts to provide instruction and amusement for them, and show that they are ready to leave the low theatre, the dance-house, and the bar-room just as fast as moral and rational means of recreation are opened to them.

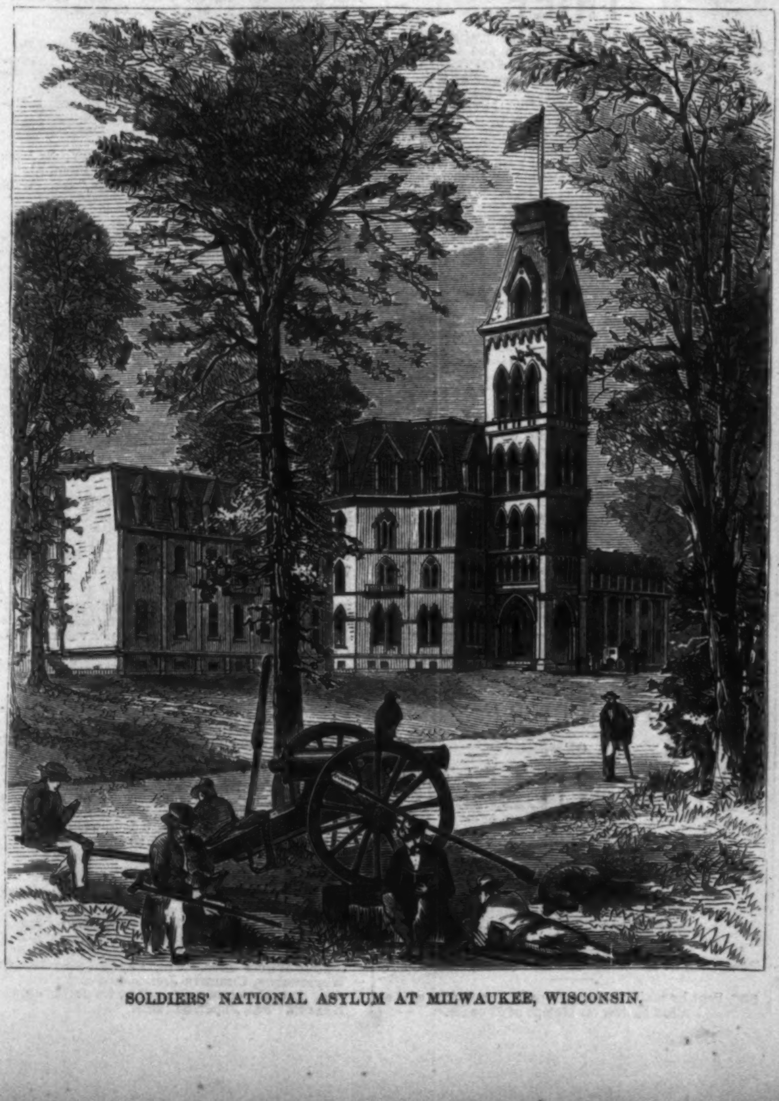
THE HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

THIS institution, of which a view will be found on this page, is located in Hampton, Virginia, within sight of Fortress Monroe. It was established in 1868, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, for the purpose of preparing youth of the South, without distinction of color, for the work of organizing and instructing schools in the Southern States. The extreme poverty of those who needed such an institution, and the value of self-help as a means of culture and true manhood, induced the Association to purchase a farm of one hundred and twenty acres and provide it with all appliances of profitable labor. The farm lies upon Hampton Roads. The school and home buildings, valued at $50,000, occupy a beautiful site upon the shore. They are so furnished and arranged as to offer to the students the helps to right living which belong to a cultivated Christian home. In the farm-work, under the constant direction of an educated practical farmer, the graduates of this institution will have learned both the theory and practice of the most profitable methods of agriculture. The female students do all the house-work of the boarding department. Thus in the home, on the farm, and in the school-room the students have the opportunity to learn the three great lessons of life—how to live, how to labor, and how to teach others. There are at present about 80 pupils at the Institute. The terms of tuition are merely nominal; and, to meet the necessities of the Institute, the managers solicit temporary endowments for scholarships yielding $85 for males, and $100 for females. All labor performed on the farm by the inmates is paid for at rates varying from four to twelve cents an hour.

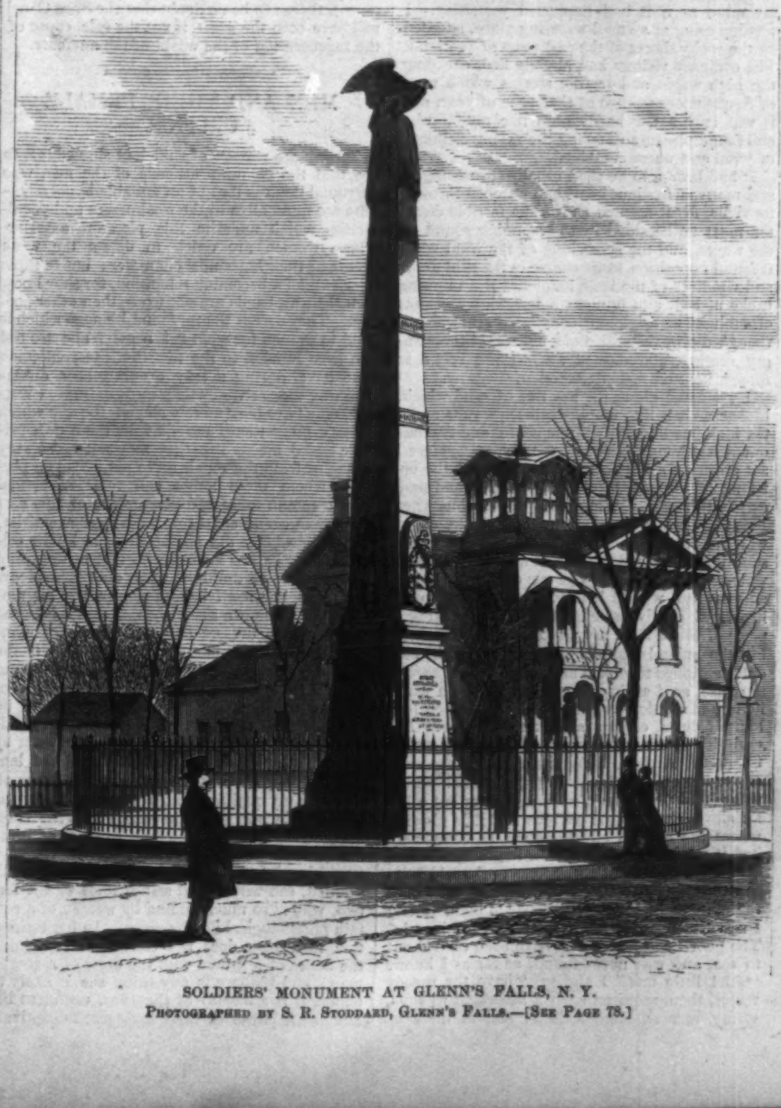
NATIONAL ASYLUM FOR SOLDIERS.

ON this page we give a view of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, erected near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The grounds on which it is built comprise about four hundred acres, laid out with taste as a park immediately around the main edifice, and affording ample opportunity for such light outdoor work as the condition of the inmates will allow them to perform, and for which they receive pay. Soldiers admitted to this asylum are not obliged to surrender their pensions, are well cared for in every respect, and subjected to such discipline only as is required to preserve order and promote the health and moral well-being of all the inmates.

The main building is cruciform in shape, with a front of 300 feet and a depth of 280 feet. Two wings are to be added, to complete the original design, one at each end, with a projection to the front corresponding to the centre, and having the same elevation. The building is constructed with Milwaukee brick on a stone foundation, and, as may be seen from our illustration, is a very handsome specimen of architecture. The cost of the completed building will be about $230,000. The arrangements and general management of this institution are under the control of a Board, of whom the President of the United



SOLDIERS' NATIONAL ASYLUM AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS, N. Y.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. R. STODDARD, GLENN'S FALLS.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

States, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the Secretary of War, are ex-officio members, Major-General **BUTLER** President, and General **MARTINDALE** and **JAY COOK**, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The number of men in the asylum is now about 250; with the hospital it affords accommodations for about 1000 inmates. The situation is one of the most delightful and salubrious in the country.

THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE.

ON page 77 we give a view of the new German Club-house, recently erected for the Harmonic Social Club in Forty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Exteriorly it is a structure of very handsome appearance, and the internal arrangements are befitting the requirements of the wealthy and cultivated organization for whose accommodation the building was erected. Its cost, not including the land, was a quarter of a million dollars. The architect was Mr. **HENRY FERNBACH**. The lot is one hundred and four feet front, and one hundred feet deep; the building eighty feet front and one hundred feet deep. Twenty feet are reserved on the Fifth Avenue side for a summer garden and arbor, to be planted with vines and flowers; with refreshment-tables at the sides and a fountain in the centre.

The Club, composed principally of Germans, is limited to four hundred members. During the winter season concerts, balls, and other social entertainments are given under its patronage. The officers are: *President*, **M. SIMONSFELD, Jun.**; *Vice-President*, **JOSEPH RAU**; *Secretaries*, **H. COHN, JULIUS LEHMAIER**; *Treasurer*, **JULIUS BINGE**.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS.

A fine monument, of which we give an engraving on page 77, was recently erected at Glenn's Falls, New York, by the town of Queensbury, to the memory of her sons who fell in the war for the Union. The structure is of Nova Scotia freestone, and is composed of a solid die resting on a triple base, from which rises a banded shaft. Within the bands are engraved the names of twelve prominent battle-fields of the late war. Over the top of the shaft are draped the national colors, clutched in the talons of an eagle that surmounts the whole. The total height of the structure is forty-six feet.

At the base of the shaft, on the west side, stands the life-size figure of an officer; on the reverse that of a private soldier. On the die underneath these figures are engraved the names of the officers and soldiers to whose memory the monument was erected. On the tablets of the die appropriate inscriptions are engraved. The monument, which was erected under the superintendence of Mr. **R. T. BAXTER**, of Glenn's Falls, is a credit to the taste of the beautiful village where it stands.

A WAIF.

I CAN recall neither the day nor the hour, but the incident I am about to relate is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. I was lingering at a small watering-place, situated on the rocky shores of the east coast of Scotland. The ordinary visitors had already fled, dreading the high winds and terrific storms which were of frequent occurrence at that time of year, and it was only a few hardy ones like myself who still found pleasure in facing the raging elements of wind and water combined.

It had been a more than usually stormy night, and many an anxious heart had watched through its vigils, for it seemed as if some terrible disaster must be heralded by the booming sound of the waves, and the screeching of the wind when it found opposition to its course in the shut doors and windows of the little hamlet. But morning broke at last, and brought a few wintry gleams of sunlight to brighten the agitated atmosphere, though the waves still could not forget their angry roaring, and dashed against the rocks as though bent on their destruction.

I wandered along the low line of sand which, broken as it is into many small bays, runs under the high beetling cliffs of the shore, and reached one of the most retired of these spots. Here I sat down on a flat rock, which guarded the entrance of the bay, to enjoy the beauty and majesty of the scene. I had not long sat thus when I was disturbed from my meditations by a low whining sound, and, looking down, saw a dog standing before me. Its coat was dripping with water, one of the fore-feet covered with blood, and the sad, wistful look in its eyes went to my heart. I gently patted its head, and taking a piece of bread from my pocket, offered it some; but the animal scarcely even glanced at it, and only continued to look at me with that sad, searching gaze, as if asking assistance. After a while he turned a little way back on the sands and laid himself down, casting a look toward me. My curiosity and interest were both aroused, and I followed. At first I could see nothing; but presently, from under the paw of the animal, which was placed protectingly upon it, I drew out a little glove—only a little well-worn child's glove—where life seemed still lingering, so completely had it retained the form of the fingers which had once worn it. I cast my eyes over the wide waters, but no sign of life or death was there; only the mute token in my hand spoke of both. Long I searched up and down the shore, but in vain. The poor little body must have been carried out to sea, and was never found, as far as I know. "Ah! little one," I sighed, "have the greedy waves, then, required such a holocaust as thou, young, innocent, and forlorn; and is there no mourner for thee save this faithful dog, and no monument save this little glove? At least," I continued, as I folded it carefully into my portfolio, "it shall live in my memory, and thou, poor creature, in my affections." I stooped, as I spoke, to caress the still prostrate animal, and so great had been the absorption of my feelings that I had not marked the incoming tide; but now a wave rushes swiftly up, and though I was still beyond its reach, it wrapped its coronal of foam round the weak and wasted form of the faithful dog, and carried it helplessly back into the ocean. One short, sharp bark, one feeble struggle, and the brave heart sank to rise no more. It is long since this happened, but the glove still lies in my pocket-book, and a tear lies in my heart whenever I recall its guardian's fate.

A NEW ERA FOR THE EAST.

THAT the Suez Canal will bring about a revolution in the commercial world is certain; the extent of the revolution must be left to future times to decide. The Mediterranean is no longer a huge inland sea, completely shut out by a narrow isthmus of sand from the seas which wash the shores of the richest, most productive countries of modern times. It has now burst its way into the Eastern Ocean. It has forever given up its exclusiveness—so fatally detrimental has it proved to be to self-interest; and, in joining with the wider world without, it has inaugurated a new era of commercial activity, a vast increase in wealth, a mighty advance in civilization—not more for its own shores than for those of Indian seas. From the New World it has never been excluded, the Straits of Gibraltar connecting it with the wide Atlantic; and, with the new direct passage to the East, is there not every probability of the ports of North Africa and of South Europe becoming the great commercial emporiums of the future? The way is now clear from North America to Hindostan, and, with the exception of the detour made by the Red Sea, the course is a direct one. The Mediterranean lies in the line between East and West, and may be said to connect both. What an enviable position! On the one hand America, flourishing, young, and active; on the other India, surpassingly wealthy; and itself the connecting link whose shores, abounding with good ports, are almost every where the fringes of good and largely yielding soil. Now is the time for Trieste and Marseilles to bestir themselves. The golden opportunity is offered, and the earliest bidder will obtain the greatest bargains. Who knows where will be the London, the pre-eminent commercial city of future times? It would be odd, indeed, if, contrary to all modern anticipations, it should *not* be in North America, but in one of the oldest districts of the Old World. The Old World is very much larger than the new; is as rich, or richer, in minerals; and contains a greater proportion of richly productive soil. After consideration, then, it should not be surprising if the commercial supremacy which successively left Tyre, Rome, and Venice should desert London—not for New York, but for some place on the ancient coasts of the Mediterranean. Should this really happen (of course it is at present a mere speculation, and a few years will decide the probability or improbability of its ultimate occurrence), there can be no doubt that the Suez Canal will have been the great, if not the sole, cause of the regeneration of the world of the ancients.

MEN AND THEIR FEMALE CRITICS.

THERE are women of sufficient shrewdness to see that the common attitude of the men who surround them is that of an amiable hypocrisy—who are quite alive to the weaknesses and peculiarities which underlie this pleasant exterior. These women are quick to detect the weak points in their husbands' character; but to these they extend a becoming toleration, for they know that their husbands are not worse than other people. They accept the profound homage which is paid to women for what it is worth; and are not the least blinded to the fact that the gentlemen who have, during a long evening, been distinguishing themselves by their extraordinary courtesy, may have been merely playing the *rôle* which society gives them, and that, in their own private and domestic life, they may not be so very different from the much more plain-spoken persons whom these ladies call their husbands. The common-sense and penetration of this sort of woman would constitute her a terrible satirist, if her knowledge did not teach her a kindly toleration. She has a wonderful tact in detecting the presence of dullness, when dullness endeavors to shelter itself behind silence and circumspection. She can instantly distinguish between the man who dresses and talks in a commonplace and fashionable way, because that is the habit of the people with whom he mixes, and because he does not care to be amusing to people who would only be surprised or puzzled by his wit, and the man who hides his stupidity behind a shirt-front similar to that worn by other men and behind an air of indifferent languor. Such a woman is never a worshiper of those manly qualities which are peculiar to the hero of the boarding-school girl and the lady-novelist. She is not much an admirer of brute force *per se*. She is more than likely to conceive a positive detestation for the large, stolid, small-brained, self-willed, and selfish idiot of six feet two, who is so much adored by women of a certain phrenological development. In her estimation manliness does not consist in combining the tastes of a groom with the dress of a gentleman; and if there is any thing she is likely to abhor, it is a display of that fine, confident belief in the power of mere male size to captivate women, which is the sole creed of this well-known hero. If her girlish imagination has led her to marry some such man, his position some dozen years after is not to be envied.

But it must not be supposed for a moment that we complain of this system of gentle hypocrisy which may so far influence the judgment of the majority of women in regarding men. In itself it is the highest compliment men can pay to women. Even as the lion, in innumerable legends, forgot his real nature and crouched submissively before an innocent girl, so do men leave behind them selfishness, arrogance, and anger on entering the presence of women. If they are not exactly what they pretend to be, it is comforting to reflect that they know they ought to be something different from what they are. If the influence of feminine society does nothing more than cause them to assume, *pro tem.*, a gentleness and toleration and politeness of demeanor which are not exhibited by them elsewhere, it has already done much.

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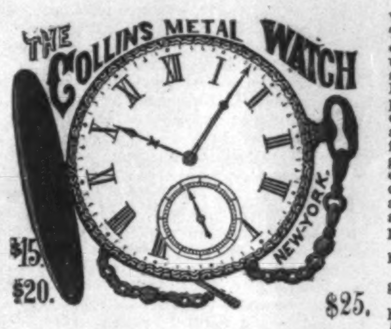

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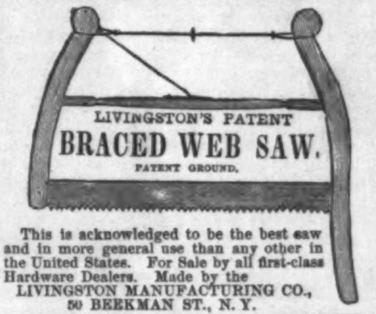
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